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### GENTLE WORDS.

A young rose in summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious the many stars
That glimmer on the sea:
But gentle words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the fairest flowers
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew, the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright and watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour—
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But, oh! if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How bountiful is earth.

# Two Wedding Rings.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

I LOOKED around, wondering even then at the fortitude of my countrymen, at the calm courage with which they were about to meet death.

There seemed to be no more question of earthly matters; each family sat in a little group apart; the major had a Bible open before him, and he was reading words of consolation.

I saw one little child fast asleep in its mother's arms—asleep, with a smile on its lips.

Meanwhile the one ship's boat was got ready, and the cry was for the women and children; but, alas, there was but little room!

Two of the crew had to go in her to manage her, and there would be room for only eight more.

Mrs. Vann was the first who demanded to go in the boat.

For a person in her position "to be brought to sea and drowned like a dog" was unheard of.

She demanded the first place in the boat; and, such is the power of determination, she had it.

"You will leave your husband, Mrs. Vann," said some one to her.

She looked at the speaker with an air of scorn.

"My husband!" she said. "What is my husband compared to my life?"

She was the first that was placed in the boat, and the second was Mrs. Chaplin; three young ladies followed, then Mrs. Leslie.

I shall never forget her look up at her husband as he stood on deck.

"Good-by, my love," she said—"good-by!"

Then there was a cry—"The Captain's wife!"—and Laurie Stuart, white as death, trembling in every limb, turned to me.

"Remember your promise," she said, in a voice of anguish. "You said I should be near you when I died."

I bent over her.

"I shall swim after the boat," I replied. "Go; I will be near you."

She went up to the captain.

"I am—to go, Eric," she said. "Farewell!"

He was absorbed by our imminent peril. Was it the supremacy of love or despair that made him avert his eyes from her upraised face and refuse to kiss her? She turned away with a tearless sob.

"Let some one else take my place in the boat," she said. "I have no wish to be saved."

But no one listened to her; every one loved the captain's wife; they placed her in the boat, and I saw her drop like one dead at Mrs. Chaplin's feet.

There might have been room for more, but the other ladies refused to go. I spoke to Mrs. Stanton, but she looked at me with a sad smile.

"Leave my husband and children to die alone, Sir Gordon? What a coward you must think me! I shall take my children in my arms, and my husband will hold us all to his heart, and so when the cruel water comes it will take us all away together!"

I listened, and left her with tears in my eyes.

So the boat was cut adrift, and with many a prayer for its safety it rowed away in the sunlight.

"Will they be saved?" I asked of the first mate, who stood watching it.

"I should say not," he replied. "I am afraid of the rocks and the breakers—there are so many reefs. We can only hope."

After that some of the men made preparations to save themselves.

I saw several on a raft, while slowly the water deepened and the vessel sank lower and lower.

The afternoon passed, and twilight fell over the sea; the little boat had sailed away out of sight.

The struggle had begun—the terrible was between life and death.

I must have fallen insensible from the horror of the scene.

I remember a pair of strong arms being flung around me, and the chief mate saying, "she is settling down Sir Gordon! Heaven help the men, women and children! I can save you, sir!"

I remember indistinctly, as in the horror of a dream, the rush of water.

I heard the cry of a hundred voices, the death-cry of a hundred souls, and then all was a blank to me.

Long after I awoke with the moon shining on my face.

I looked around for the Water-Queen. The silvery waves were rising and falling, but she was not to be seen. Where was I?

Out on the moonlit ocean alone?

No, for a man's hand was under my head, a man's voice sounded in my ears.

Looking up, I saw the face of the chief mate, Will Atkinson, bending over me.

"This is better," Sir Gordon," he said; "I felt afraid you were not going to open your eyes again."

He poured a drop of brandy between my lips.

"I have a bottle of that, thank goodness," he added.

"Where are we, Atkinson?" I asked, feebly.

"I hardly know. You see, Sir Gordon, when I had done all I could to save others, I tried to save myself.

"I made this little raft, and I got a bottle of brandy with a bag of provisions

"I offered to take the captain, but he would not come.

"'I shall stay with my ship to the last,' he said.

"And he did. I saw him upright and brave, his face raised, on deck as the ship went down.

"He was not a genial man, sir, but a braver one never was drowned.

"You had always been kind to me, Sir Gordon, so I resolved to rescue you."

Was it a rescue?

Heaven only knew.

It was night, and we were alone on the great Indian Ocean, under the light of the stars.

"I meant to swim after the boat," I said. "I must have fainted."

"No wonder you did, sir. You forgot how long you worked, fasting, at the pumps, and how you helped to get those unhappy ladies into the boat. We are going in the same direction. The boat is sure to make for one of those islands lying to the west there, and if she escapes the rocks she may reach land."

"And what will become of us, do you think?" I asked.

"One of three things. Either we shall be picked up by a vessel sailing by, or we shall reach one of the islands, or, if there should come a storm, we shall be drowned."

"Let us try to find the boat," I said. "The captain made me promise to take care of his wife. I kept my word by getting her into the boat. She made me promise to be near her when she died, and I want to keep my word. Let us try to follow the boat."

He was quite willing, and Providence helped us, for a gentle wind sprang up, and the raft, guided by an oar that Atkinson had secured, floated away westward after the boat.

We suffered much through the long night.

The moon shone, and a breeze freshened the waves.

I dared not think.

When I closed my eyes, the faces that I should see no more came before them; the voices hushed forever were in my ears.

If for one moment I slept, Charley Leslie's disconsolate face, poor Mr. Vann, Major Stanton praying aloud with his wife in his arms, were all before me.

The night was not so horrible, but with the day came the heat of the sun.

How we suffered from the boiling, terrible heat!

And there was no shelter, no help—the raft was all exposed.

It seemed to me that the fate of those who had gone down in the vessel was better than ours.

Those hours of torture seemed endless; but at length—Heaven be praised and thanked!—we saw before us a green island and then we knew that we were saved.

* * * * * *

An hour afterward, just as the sun began to set, and the water was all crimson and gold, we drew near to the island.

"I hope there are no savages on it," said Atkinson.

"Many of these tropical islands are uninhabited, and some belong to savage tribes. We must be watchful."

The wind brought to us the perfume of flowers; and I thought of Laurie Stuart, who loved them so well.

I must do my best to find her. The boat would be drifting somewhere on the deep ocean.

I would not linger on the island—I would set out on the raft again, and lose my life looking for her. What an island it was!

Only tropical lands are so fertile and flowery.

We saw great feathery palm-trees, huge cocoanut trees, date trees; and when at last we landed, such a wilderness of flowers was spread before us as mortal eyes seldom behold—flowers of ravishing beauty, of brilliant hue and rich perfume.

It was sweet to set one's foot on the thick soft grass, to hear the singing of the birds, to watch their bright plumage as they flew from tree to tree.

I lay down exhausted; and the first mate, who was a giant of a man, climbed one of the trees to gather some fruit. He came down quickly, with a look of great excitement on his face.

"We are not alone, Sir Gordon!" he said. "There are other people on the island; I could see them from the top of the tree!"

A wild mad hope seized me. Could the boat have landed here? Were its occupants saved?

I could not speak, but he knew by instinct what I meant.

"I do believe it is, Sir Gordon," he said; "but I will soon see."

"I will go with you," I cried.

Strength came to me with the hope. I forgot the faintness, the exhaustion, and remembered only that it was possible Laurie might be on the island.

"Where did you see them?" I asked; and he pointed with his hand. That instant we set off.

The island on which Providence in mercy had given us a refuge was about four miles broad.

It was covered with vegetation—trees, flowers, shrubs, grass.

It was more like an earthly Paradise than a desolate island.

We walked through such a profusion of blossoms and flowers as one sees only in the Tropics.

And, when we had walked for half a mile, we saw a group of women sitting under the shade of a large cocoanut tree.

I looked again and again, hardly able to breathe from suspense, longing to know if Laurie were there, and at last, as we drew nearer to them, I saw her.

I fell on my knees in the fragrant grass, and thanked Heaven.

A few minutes later they saw us hastening toward them.

They rose with a cry of joy; they flocked round us, weeping, sobbing.

But I saw only one; my eyes were riveted on the one face that almost unknown to me made my heaven on earth.

I saw only the dark eyes and golden hair of Laurie Stuart.

I held out my hand to her—I spoke to her.

I could have knelt at her feet and kissed the hem of her garment; I was mad with delight.

"You are saved," I said, at last.

The little white trembling hands clung to me so closely.

"Saved from the sea," she replied—"the cruel hungry sea."

Then I looked round. Mrs. Vann was there, and four of the younger ladies, but not Mrs. Chaplin.

"Where is Mrs. Chaplin?" I asked, eagerly.

There was a momentary silence, and then Laurie, looking at me with sweet, sad eyes, said:

"When the morning dawned she was dead—and she must have died with a smile on her face.

"I am quite sure that her dream came true—that she saw her children waiting for her in the skies."

"And she is buried in the sea?" I said, sadly.

I had admired the noble woman, and was grieved to the very heart by her death.

Then we sat down under the cocoanut trees.

A flower all crimson and gold, like the gladiolus, grew near us, and filled the air with richest perfume.

The sun had set, but the waters were still crimsoned with its fire.

I noticed then, and often afterward that Laurie Stuart never sat with her face turned to the sea.

The glory of the crimsoned waters was all lost to her.

We sat and talked of the horror we had passed through, of the terrible ending to a previously prosperous voyage.

For ourselves we had no great fear; hoped that a vessel sailing by would see us. Then one by one we owned to feeling hungry.

The bottle of brandy was put up for use in case of illness.

The bag of provisions which we had not touched on the raft and the larger one from the boat were examined, and it was agreed we should sup.

Will Atkinson gathered some of the fruit which abounded on the island;our table was the long fragrant grass; and, if ever people were grateful to Heaven, we were.

Then over the fragrant flowers and the sweet smelling earth the veil of night fell.

Will Atkinson made a very seasonable proposal.

It was that we should drag the raft on shore, and, bending the great boughs of the trees so as to form a shelter, make a kind of hut for the ladies.

They sat for some time watching the silver moon as she sailed through the sky, while all the men worked hard at the hut.

It was finished in less than an hour, but it was grievous to think of those fair delicate women lying beneath such a shelter.

Begging yet half an hour's grace, we hastened to some little distance and gathered huge bundles of tall fragrant grasses.

We placed them in the hut, and saw the tired, worn-looking women pass into it, and felt that for a time at least they were safe. We agreed not to go far from them.

There were four men—the two sailors who had been in charge of the boat, the chief mate Will Atkinson, and myself.

The long bright night passed.

There was no sound from the hut.

The ladies were doubtless tired out, and slept soundly on the soft fragrant grass.

Before sunrise Will Atkinson was up and at work.

I was surprised when I saw what he had done.

The boat was dragged ashore, and placed under the great drooping boughs of a huge tree which covered it like a roof.

That was to be a dining and sitting-room for the ladies.

He had gathered a quantity of cocoanuts, and, having emptied the shells, had formed them into drinking cups.

These cups held cocoanut milk, and near each was placed a biscuit.

There were various heaps of dates and wild fruits as well—not a bad breakfast for shipwrecked people.

Then he found a spring of running water and there the ladies made their toilet.

Laurie Stuart came from it with her face all glowing and her golden hair falling over her shoulders.

The ladies made us all breakfast together the sailors sitting outside the boat.

After breakfast a committee of ways and means was appointed.

Will Atkinson undertook to provide us regular hours with such food as he could find.

He said he could snare and cook birds; he also thought he might catch some fish.

One of the ladies—Miss Salter—undertook the general management of what elsewhere we should have called the household.

With the help of a white shawl, which one of the ladies had with her, I made a flag and fastened it to the top of one of the tallest trees, in the firm hope that some passing vessel would see it and come to our rescue.

The sunlit ocean lay before us, a mass of brilliant flowers and trees was around us, we were safe and well, though dreadfully depressed; it remained for us to get through the time as well as we could until we were rescued.

I was now to find a woman may be a coward in one particular respect, yet a noble woman for all that.

Laurie Stuart was frightened beyond all measure and reason at the sea, yet no one could have been braver or nobler under our present trying conditions.

She was the life of the others—her patience with poor querulous Mrs. Vann was unbounded. She talked to her.

She did what no one else ever attempted to do—she reasoned with her, she waited upon her, and in the end Mrs. Vann grew warmly attached to her.

She brought some kind of order into our lives.

From the hut we heard every morning a hymn arise, sung in her fresh, sweet, clear voice.

She would have nothing but cheerful conversation during what we called our breakfast.

Afterward she made us walk round the island by way of taking exercise.

Later on we all met for our dinner of biscuit, wild fruit, and spring water; and then we sat in the shade and talked until the sun set.

It was a touching picture to see the few that had been saved from a terrible fate kneel down when night came and say over again the prayers they had learned at their mothers' knees.

If we were not tired, Laurie would sing to us, while the moon rose, old home songs that brought tears to our eyes.

Who could have believed that the frightened, nervous woman whose face had grown pale at every unusual sound on board the ship, would have proved so noble, so brave, so full of resource? She had not overcome her dread for the sea, for once as we turned to a grassy slope that led to the water she caught my hand.

"Not there, not there," she cried—"it leads to the treacherous sea!"

## CHAPTER VII.

HOW am I to tell what happened next? Life, love, and death go hand in hand in this world—nothing separates them for very long.

I am almost ashamed to say that, while Mrs. Vann counted the hours in untold anguish, while Miss Salter puzzled herself about our meals until she grew quite thin, I dreaded our being rescued—dreaded the hour which should put an end to our strange life—dreaded the day in which I should be parted from Laurie Stuart.

We had no real comfort, we never had enough to eat; yet I declare that my life was happy.

Short quick showers came sometimes, and during their continuance we crouched together under the shelter of the trees, but afterward the perfume was delicious.

Fresh flowers grew every day, new buds blossomed, new fruits ripened; the lovely tropical summer was at its height.

Every morning, when Laurie Stuart prayed for a speedy rescue, my heart rebelled.

Life on this flowery island with her was ten thousand times better than life in a palace without her.

For by this time I had learned to love her with a boundless love—a love great, deep, and wide as the sea which surrounded us—a love that began in time only to end with eternity.

That was the light that lay on land and sea—that was what made the flowers so fair.

I loved her, and there was no barrier between us.

Let me do myself justice.

Of all sins in the world I detest a wrongful love most: rather than yield to one thought of love that could not be blessed by Heaven and man, I would tear my heart from my breast if I could and trample it under foot.

Never while her husband lived did I in thought own to myself that I loved Laurie Stuart.

Now that there was no shadow between us I acknowledged to myself that I loved her with an absorbing love and longed to make her my wife.

She almost drove me wild with her sweet coy ways.

At first, and for many long days after we landed, she was openly affectionate and kind to me.

She treated me just as though I had been her brother—consulted me in her little difficulties, sought my advise on all occasions.

If we were climbing a hill, she would hold out her soft white hand to me without reserve; or she would sit by my side while she sang or talked—all with the sweetest simplicity and candor, looking without fear into my eyes when she spoke to me, showing me a great and kindly regard which was not yet what I wanted from her. All this was soon to be changed.

One evening the western wind was unwontedly soft, fragrant, bringing to us the whispers of the leaves, the murmur of the waves, the joyous singing of the birds, and Laurie sat with her face turned from the great golden ocean.

Some one asked her to sing, and, with her usual grace, she sang song after song. To my fancy it seemed that the whispers of the wind and the murmur of the waves accompanied her voice.

"Sing my favorite," I whispered; and in all simplicity she began "Annie Laurie"—at first with a smile on her lips which soon faded, and then with a confused, troubled expression in her eyes, the latter drooping until the white lids covered them.

The calmness of the fair face was all gone.

I watched with untold delight the delicate flush mount even to the golden hair.

"I cannot sing any more," she said hurriedly—"I am tired."

And from that hour all was changed between us.

I met her once as she was going with some little delicacy to Mrs. Vann.

Her fair face crimsoned at the sight of me, her eyes fell, and she hurried on with a half-murmured word.

I stopped her, and tried to take one of the white hands in mine.

She drew it hastily away.

She avoided me with a shy, sweet coyness that made me love her more madly than ever.

She no longer came, with her frank eyes upraised to mine, to ask my advice.

I could never find her alone.

I had no chance, although we were on this lonely island, of saying one word to her.

And I loved her with a love passing human belief.

Only once did she design to evince any particular interest in me, and that was one day when, after what we had deemed a regal banquet of game and wild fruits, we began as usual to talk about the ill-fated Water-Queen.

"Sir Gordon," said Mrs. Vann, suddenly, "why were you going to India?"

A swift glance from the dark eloquent eyes told me that Laurie too would like to hear the answer; so, making the most of the opportunity, I went and sat down by Mrs. Vann's side.

Laurie remained in her place, which was a concession I had hardly expected.

"Now tell me," said Mrs. Vann, "what was taking you, Sir Gordon, a man of fortune and position, to India."

I looked up at her with a laughing face.

"I will tell you. I am sorry there is no romance about it, but when I was a boy I loved to read and hear about India. As soon as I became what you kindly call a man of fortune, I resolved to gratify my desire to see it. I tried to do so, and as you know, have failed."

"Then it was merely love of travel that took you from home," she said.

"That was all—the spirit of unrest which makes men wander hither and thither without knowing why."

I was talking to Laurie Stuart, although I was looking at Mrs. Vann; and Laurie knew by the subtle instinct of love that every word I uttered was for her.

"Tell me about Egremont, your home. I hear that it is one of the loveliest places in England," said Mrs. Vann; "tell me what it is like."

"It is like a romance in stone. It was built I cannot tell how many years ago. There are the remains of an old tower and keep; there are tall square turrets and wide ramparts, some of them covered with ivy; there are great oriel windows, and an entrance-hall that one seldom sees nowadays."

"Tell me more," said Mrs. Vann.

Laurie's dark eyes were raised a little, and I read in them an earnest wish that I should go on.

"There is a room in the castle called Queen Mary's room, and a legend tells how the beautiful queen visited Egremont in the days of her beauty and power. A deep oriel window is in the room, and the legend runs that Marie Stuart folded her arms and looked at the lovely woodland scene, the gardens and terraces, the fountains and flowers, and then turning to Mary Seaton, said, 'If I were not Queen of Scotland, I would be mistress of Egremont.'"

"How very nice!" sighed Mrs. Vann; while Laurie looked at me, forgetting all consciousness in her pleasure.

"Is that true, Sir Gordon?" she asked.

"As true as most legends. If ever I have the honor of showing you the room, I will show you the window from which she looked, and the exact spot on which she stood."

"It must be a splendid place," said Mrs. Vann. "I should like to see it."

"If we ever reach England, I shall be delighted to show it to you," I replied.

"Sir Gordon, pray excuse me," said the irrepressible Mrs. Vann, "but I should have thought it more natural had you turned your attention to getting married instead of going abroad."

I laughed.

The sweet young face so near me flushed and became embarrassed again.

"The one thing needful was wanting," I replied. "I had really seen no one to love—then, at least."

"And have you seen such a one since?" she asked.

"Pardon me; this is my secret. I can only say how very gladly I would think of anything of the kind now, if it were of any use."

"My dear," I heard Mrs. Vann say confidentially to Laurie Stuart, "I do believe that Sir Gordon is in love with the youngest Miss Salter. What a match it will be for her!"

But Laurie knew better than that.

## CHAPTER VIII.

IT was like trying to lure a beautiful wild bird.

At times I thought that I had secured Laurie, but, lo, she was far away yet, and the thought of it made my heart warm.

She knew that I loved her.

If it were not so why did she avoid me?

Why had the bright sweet candor given place to coy avoidance?

Did she care for me? That question puzzled me.

I ventured to hope so, but I had no proof of it.

Her beautiful face might have flushed for others.

She avoided me perhaps because she saw how much I cared for her.

When I took that view of the matter, the very light seemed to die from the face of the sun, all the beauty and fragrance died from the flowers, the world became a dull, dreary hopeless blank.

Hope would come then with a smiling face and bid me not despair.

It shows how accurately I estimated her character when I say that I never once dreamed that my title or fortune would have any charm for her.

I never even imagined it.

My only wonder was whether she could learn to love me.

We had been on the island more than a month now, and Will Atkinson began to despair.

The biscuits were almost exhausted, the ladies looked ill, and as yet we had no hope of being rescued.

The island must have lain far from the usual course of ships, for none had come in sight.

"We shall have to die here," said Miss Salter to me one day; and my first thought was that I would sooner die with Laurie Stuart than live without her; her grace, her beauty, her cheerfulness under all privation endeared her to me.

I found, as time went on, that she had by nature a light, gay, happy heart, a fund of wit and keen appreciation of humor.

She must have been terribly unhappy on board the Water-Queen to hide her natural character so completely.

The first time that her sweet, silvery, musical laugh rang out on the sunlit air, I was amazed.

Laurie Stuart, whom I had always seen under the influence of a great fear, unhappy, silent, terrified, to laugh like a light-hearted child!

Of past sad days on board the Water-Queen we never spoke.

We talked of the vessel, the passengers, of the captain as the ship's master, but of him as Laurie's husband we made no mention; her fear and her misery we seldom discussed.

She was far happier on this solitary tropical island than she was on board the ship, surrounded by every comfort—happier and stronger.

She had a color like the leaf of a rose, her eyes were bright as stars and clear as crystal, her mouth was fresh and red as a pomegranate bud.

She grew lovelier with every day that passed, and she was happy—I knew it from what followed.

One day there was a loud cry of "A sail, a sail!"

Will Atkinson and I raised our flag—the white flag of distress—while the women stood by with prayerful tearful eyes—all but Laurie Stuart, who at the first cry, I noticed, hastened into a thicket of flowering trees.

We sent loud shrill cries over the face of the waters, but they did not reach far enough.

It was a sultry day, without a breath of wind, and our flag drooped round the tall pole and would not flutter.

The ship passed out of sight.

Some of the women gave vent to wailing, bitter cries.

I went in search of Laurie.

She was standing at the far end of the thicket.

As I looked at her, I thought no fairer picture had ever been dreamed by poet or painter.

Her golden hair lay like a veil over her shoulders, her flowerlike face was all bright with the rays of the sun, her hands were filled with flowers.

When she saw me, a vivid flush spread over her face and the flowers fell at her feet.

Then she recovered herself and came up to me, with a half troubled look in her eyes.

"Have they seen us? Are they coming?" she asked.

"No," I replied; "we could not attract their attention."

To my wonder, surprise, and joy, instead of doing as the others did, shedding despairing tears, she smiled—smiled with a beautiful flush that drove me almost mad with delight.

"You are not sorry," I said; "I believe, on my word, that you are glad. Oh, Laurie, you are glad!"

I rushed forward, meaning to clasp the sweet white hands in my own and hold them fast, but, swift as a lapwing, she fled from me, and I could not tell whither she had vanished.

But her flush, her smile, were enough to daze me.

The other ladies were weeping and uttering heart-breaking cries.

Why should she wish to remain on this island, unless some one that she cared very much for was there also?

We did not meet again until what was by courtesy called our dinner-time, and then the dark eyes never met mine—they were averted from me.

That was the saddest hour our party spent.

The ladies were so depressed, they had felt so sure of a rescue, and the disappointment was so intense.

"I would rather be without hope than have hope followed by such blank despair" said Miss Salter.

I happened at that moment to meet the dark eyes of my love, and they said that this island, so terrible to others, was Paradise to her.

Come what might, I resolved to speak to Laurie that day; she could not be angry—she must know.

Where should I find her?

She had taken refuge with Mrs. Vann, of course.

Yes, there I found her sitting talking to the poor lady, whose grandeur had so signally collapsed, and who even now and then dropped a tear at the memory of her husband.

I may be pardoned a subterfuge; when a man's heart is on fire, he does not always stop to weigh his words.

I told Laurie that I had found some white blossoms and golden fruit at the other side of the island, and that I wanted her to go with me to see them.

She refused.

She was tired, and wanted to remain with Mrs. Vann. But that lady looked severely at her.

"Go, my dear, when Sir Gordon asks you; the least that we can do in this dreadful place is to oblige each other."

I saw that she would fain have refused if she had dared, but the habit of obedience was strong upon her. She rose in silence, saying gravely:

"I will accompany you, Sir Gordon, if you wish; but I must not be long gone."

There was little preparation for a walk in those days.

There were neither bonnets, hats, shawls, nor coats.

A most wretched company we appeared—all but my darling she was always fair. I never knew whether her dress was of silk or of thread, but I did know that she wore it with the the grace of a queen.

When the sun was very warm, she made head-coverings of green leaves for us.

After walking some time, Laurie remarked:

"I do not see the white blossoms or the golden fruit, Sir Gordon. Where are they?"

"Laurie, Laurie, do not be so cruel: you must know how many days I have sought you—how I have been longing to speak to you."

She walked on quickly in utter silence, with a flushed face and downcast eyes.

"Why should you be cruel to me? What have I done that you should refuse to look at me or speak to me?"

"I do look at you," she replied, timidly.

"No, you do not. You look at the flowers and the trees, at the sky and the grass, at the faces of your friends—but you never bestow one single glance on me."

"I am quite sure that I do, Sir Gordon," she declared.

"Then look at me now, Laurie; just raise your eyes to mine for one moment."

"No, I will not," she said, quickly.

"And why not?" I asked.

"I cannot tell you?" Sir Gordon."

I caught her hands in mine.

She did not withdraw them, but the flush deepened on her face, and then she grew deadly pale.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Sacrificed.

BY MAGGIE GREENE.

IT was a dark, cloudy night.

The rain had fallen all day long, without ceasing.

The streets were muddy and wet.

No one ventured out unless compelled to by some very urgent business.

All the dreary day, over the little white cottage on the hill, the angel of death had fluttered his wings, and as night drew on, the aged man who lay in the front room grew rapidly worse.

Turning to his brother, who sat at his side he asked:

"Where's Ada?"

"In the other room; she told me to call, if you wanted her," he replied.

"Tell her to come," gasped the sick man, and he raised himself up, and then lay back on his pillows, while his brother stepped to the door, and called:

"Ada!"

Then turning to the sick man, he said:

"I'll return as soon as you are through," and he left the room, while the other kept his eyes riveted upon the door, which was presently pushed open, and a tall, golden-haired girl entered.

"Dear papa," she said, kneeling by the bedside, and, taking the thin, cold hands in hers, "are you worse?"

"Yes, my child," he replied, gently, "much worse, and before it is too late I have a request to make," and for a few moments he stopped to gain breath, while into Ada's dark-blue eyes there crept a terrified look.

"Anon," he continued, "when you and Godfrey Alton were but little children his father and I signed an agreement in which we covenanted that if our two children lived they should wed one another.

"He is dead, and Godfrey Alton is an orphan, and you, too, my poor darling, will soon be," and the dying man feebly stroked her bowed head.

"Your aunt," he went on, "is very rich.

"She will give you a magnificent home, and love you for my sake.

"If you but promise to marry Mr. Alton, I shall die easy, nay, happy.

"It will be all I ask," and he turned his dark, sunken eyes in a questioning gaze upon her fair face, which had suddenly become radiant.

"Dear papa," she cried, kissing the thin, white hands, "Godfrey and I have loved one another for a long, long time. I am so glad, so glad."

"I, too, am glad, my darling," replied her father, raising her hand to his lips, "glad for your sake," and, with a deep sigh, he passed away, and Ada Gitton was left an orphan.

For a long time she knelt there beside her dead father, with the fitful firelight flickering over her golden hair, her face buried deep in her hands, weeping bitterly.

It is true, his death had long been expected, but that made it none the less hard to bear, and with a sad and heavy heart, she arose and left the room.

* * * * *

It was a pretty scene.

The sinking sun pointed his long pencils of radiant glory through the rich velvet carpet and daintily-carved furniture, that was tastefully arranged about the apartment in gorgeous profusion.

In one corner, with her white, jeweled hands clasped, sat Ada Gitton, gazing thoughtfully out through the open window to the white, fleecy clouds.

Suddenly her rosy lips parted, and she said, in a sweet, sad voice:

"I only imagine it. He loves me just the same as he used to," and then clasping her hands frantically, she cried. "Oh, he must!

"It would kill me if he ever ceased to love me; and then I promised.

"I must not forget that. No, no, he still loves me, my brave, noble lover," and a bright happy smile lit her fair face, as she arose and went to her tea.

The next afternoon, as she sat in her boudoir, the butler entered and handed her a letter.

After breaking the seal and reading the contents of the dainty little missile, she tapped the bell for her maid.

"Maria," she said, addressing the girl that answered her summons, "a lady friend of mine is coming to Sunny Grange to spend a week, and I wish a suit of rooms prepared for her.

"As soon as you have completed your task, I wish you to return and assist me in dressing, as I am going to meet her," and as her maid turned away, she went to the room across the hall, and tapped lightly at the door.

Hearing the "Come in," she entered, and made her way to the side of a richly-dressed lady, who sat in the depth of a luxuriant arm-chair.

"Dear aunt," said Ada, as she seated herself on a low ottoman at her feet, "Kitty has answered my letter, and will arrive at Sunny Grange to-night.

"I am so glad; she is such good company and will make it so pleasant.

"Why, you have no idea what a bright, lively, little thing she is. I am sure you will like her."

"Certainly, my dear?" replied the amiable old lady, smoothing out the folds of her black silk dress, "I shall like her for your sake, if nothing else.

"But, tell me, do you not expect Mr. Alton this evening?"

"Oh, aunt, do tell me. Don't you think Mr. Alton loves me less than he did a few months ago?"

"Loves you less," repeated Mrs. Temple, raising her delicate, arched brows, "you silly child, certainly not.

"Isn't he here every evening, with flowers and confections?

"Why, the very idea is absurd. What caused you to think that?"

"Oh, I cannot tell," cried Ada, burying her face in her aunt's dress, "I am sure there is a difference in his manner, although he still comes and kisses me as he did of old. I can see a change, and it is killing me."

"It is all nonsense. Run and get dressed while I order Jim to have the carriage brought to the door, and as it is now three o'clock, we might as well go to the depot and meet your friend."

Ada raised her head and dried her tears.

"Will you? That is so kind, besides it will make Kitty feel much more at home. You are a dear good aunt," and kissing her she turned and hastened to her own pretty dressing-room to prepare her toilet.

In a short space of time they were seated in the carriage, and the handsome equipage went dashing down the avenue towards the station.

When the carriage drew up in front of the station, Ada alighted and began to look eagerly right and left, in search of her friend.

Suddenly a stylishly-dressed young lady, with dark hair and eyes, emerged from a crowd that was just leaving the train. As Ada's eyes rested on her, she ran quickly forward, and throwing her arms about her neck, exclaimed:

"Dear, darling old Kitty! I am so glad to see you.

"I thought you would never come. Aunt is here too," and taking her friend by the hand, she led the way to the side of the carriage.

"Aunt," she said, "allow me to acquaint you with Miss Kitty Baynore, my school friend."

"Glad to see you, my dear," she said kindly, "and I hope your visits will be pleasant."

"Thank you," replied Kitty, letting her dusky eyes wander over the high stepping horses and their silver trappings, "I am sure it will," and then turning to Ada, she cried; "Oh, Ada, what a delightful time we shall have.

"I was so dreadfully tired of school, and at grandma's it was so dull.

"I declare I hate such a monotonous life.

"I believe I was born for the city, and when I received your kind, generous invitation, I almost went wild.

"At first grandma didn't want me to come, but then you know dear Uncle Phil can coax her to do anything; so, at last, she consented, and here I am," and Kitty laughed gleefully, all the way home.

She chatted gayly, told what fun she had had at school, how she won the prize at the flower exhibition, and ended her recital by giving her friend a tremendous hug.

When they reached the Grange, Ada led Kitty to her suit of rooms, and, after refreshing themselves, they went down to tea and, as Mrs. Temple saw a noted change in Ada's looks, she decided it must be the excitement of having an old friend to cheer her up.

"I will do all that lies in my power," soliloquized the kind old lady, "to lengthen her visit and make it pleasant for them both."

After they had finished, the girls started out for a walk by the lake.

It was a lovely night, the moon shed her bright silver light over the terraced walks, and the rippling waters, whispered to the pebbly beach, as the friends moved slowly along, arm-in-arm, enchanted by the scene.

A troubled look clouded Kitty's usually bright and pleasant face, and turning to her companion, she asked:

"Did you ever have a lover, Ada?"

"A lover?" repeated Ada, and her thoughts flew to Godfrey Alton.

Was he her lover?

Yes, she thought he was, at least he had once been, and before she knew it, she had answered "yes."

"Then you can sympathize with me," returned Kitty, "for I am in so much trouble."

"Trouble?" echoed Ada, "why I never knew you to be in trouble in your life. What has gone amiss now?" and she smiled down on her friend's dark, thoughtful face.

"Come into the Summer house," Kitty replied, mournfully, "and I'll tell you all about it," and, crossing the smooth, velvety lawn, they seated themselves in the low, rustic chairs.

"Now tell me the origin of this love affair," said Ada, "I am fond of such things. I daresay it is very romantic."

"No," replied Kitty, shaking her dusky head, while the pearly tears trickled down through her small brown fingers, "it isn't romantic, it is sad."

"Oh," replied Ada, kindly, putting her round, white arms about Kitty's neck, "do tell me all. If I can help you, I will."

After drying her tears, Kitty began:

"When I was at school, I used to take a walk through the wood down near the spring every afternoon.

"One day I met a gentleman sketching. He was so handsome," and a bright flush mounted her dark cheeks.

"Well, he raised his hat and spoke, and I stopped to look at his picture.

"There was no harm in that, and if it had all ended there, how different things might have been," and Kitty's grief surged afresh.

"Don't cry, Kitty, darling," said Ada, soothingly, "go on, and finish your story."

"There isn't much more to say," replied Kitty, sadly.

"I saw him the next day, and he gave me such a lovely bunch of flowers. Well, day after day I met him in my rambles, and, at last, when his picture was finished, he came one afternoon to bid me good-bye, and I don't know why, but I felt dreadfully sorry, and then he said he loved me, and that it would kill him because he was engaged to another young lady, and in a few months the wedding would take place. 'I cannot break it,' he said, sadly, 'because it was my father's wish, and we have been engaged since childhood.'"

A sudden sense of dread seized Ada, and turning deathly pale, she grasped Kitty by the arm.

"What was her name?" she asked, in a trembling voice.

"He did not tell me," sobbed Kitty, "he was too manly and good for that.

"He only begged me to forget him, and then he went away, he said, to die, while I cried my eyes almost out."

Ada sat like one dazed for some time, and at last she asked:

"What was his name?"

Kitty looked suddenly up, and replied:

"Godfrey Alton."

"Godfrey Alton," were the two words that Ada's white lips repeated, and she sat like one in a dream, looking pitifully up to the white heavens above.

The dew was falling, and Kitty feared Mrs. Temple might not approve of their being out so late, and touching Ada gently on the arm, she said:

"Come, it is getting late. We had better go in," and she little knew, as Ada arose, the bitter pain her story had caused her friend.

After seeing Kitty to her rooms, and bidding her good night, Ada crept softly to her own, and, throwing herself across the bed, gave way to her pent-up grief.

"Oh, Godfrey!" she sobbed, "I loved you so! It will kill me.

"Why did you not tell me before this? and it would have been all over," and sob after sob escaped her white lips, until her tortured mind was wrapped in uneasy slumber.

The next day dawned bright and clear, the birds sang, and the scent of the new-mown hay was wafted across the green fields to the open windows of the Grange, where Ada Gitton sat gazing very thoughtfully.

Suddenly her bed-room door was opened and Kitty ran joyfully in.

"Oh, Ada," she cried, "your kind aunt is going to take us out driving this afternoon, and then we are to stop at our old school friend's house and take tea. Isn't it delightful?

"I think it is so nice to be rich and have your own horse and carriage.

"I never had anything nice. I am sure if I were rich I could be happy.

"Besides, I should think that the young lady Mr. Alton is to marry, would be very happy without him, because he said she was rich and beautiful," and Kitty looked longingly through the open window at the handsome carriage that stood waiting by the door, while Ada Gitton let her sad, blue eyes wander about the room over the expensive furniture, marble statuettes and oil paintings that were worth a small fortune in themselves, and then asked herself if she was happy.

"Happy?" there was mockery in the very word.

She was wretched. Nothing seemed bright and cheerful as it did a short six months ago on the day she arrived at her aunt's stately home.

All was dark and gloomy, and, turning to Kitty, she said:

"I am sorry that I cannot accompany you in your ride, but I do not feel very well."

Kitty's bright, cheerful face fell.

"Oh, Ada," she said, in a disappointed tone, "I am so sorry. Are you ill?"

"Oh, no," replied Ada, trying to smile, and failing in the attempt.

"I am far from that, and daresay shall be all right when you return.

"Go and have your ride, and tell aunt not to worry about me, but enjoy yourselves and have a good time.

"I shall soon be well," and as Kitty pressed her warm lips on her cheek, and said good-bye, she wondered if what she had said was true.

Would she ever be well?

No, no, not in this world, and she buried her face in her hands and wept.

"I give him up," she murmured, "I love them both too much to mar their happiness.

"Yes, it is my duty," and, closing her desk, she took her paper and made her way down stairs and out to the cool, shady Summer house, seating herself, she wrote him a long letter, telling him how she had found out their secret by Kitty, and bidding them to wed one another and be happy.

"Forget me," she wrote, "and think only of our engagement as a dream," and, taking off her ring, she slipped it into the envelope, sealed it, and, taking up her pen, began to direct it.

But a past scene rose up before her, and she seemed to be once again in the little white cottage, kneeling beside her dying father.

"Oh, it is hard," she murmured, softly, "I did not think it would be," and her golden head drooped, and rested on the little rustic table.

The evening passed away, the golden sun sank low in the West, the dew began to fall over the smooth green lawn, where the crickets piped their evening songs.

* * * * * *

Years have since rolled by, and Kitty and Godfrey are married, and although he loves his bright, dark-eyed, little wife very much his thoughts often wander sadly to the silent graveyard, where the golden haired girl has been laid to rest, and he brushes away the fast falling tears, when he thinks how much she "sacrificed for his sake."

## Bric-a-Brac.

THE OLDEST "A, B, C."—The A, B, C of the present day looks so spick and span in its clearly printed types, that people might not think it was an ancient institution. It is so, however beyond a doubt. The oldest known A, B, C extant is a child's alphabet scratched on a small ink-bottle of black ware, found in one of the oldest Greek settlements in Italy. It is supposed to belong to the fifth century before the birth of Christ.

THE SPANIEL AND THE BABY.—A New Zealand paper tells of an interesting instance of a spaniel trying to feed a baby of eight months. The spaniel had a litter of pups, of which she was very careful. Whenever she got a bone, she always took it to them. After a time her owner was surprised, and not too well pleased, to find, day after day, bones in the baby's cradle. Watch was kept, to discover who put them there. The baby's mother was sitting one afternoon near the cradle, when the child began to cry out loudly. Almost immediately the spaniel ran into the room with a bone, which she tried to place in the baby's mouth. This showed a good deal of sagacity. She guessed that the baby was crying for food, and being in the habit of feeding her pups with bones, had come to the conclusion that a bone would be as welcome to the baby as it was to her young ones.

BLOWS VERSUS IMPRISONMENT.—At Shanghai the courts entrusted with deciding the guilt both of the native Chinese or of foreigners, have often a difficult task to perform. The award, for instance, which would exactly meet the case of a brawling Jack tar, might be almost meaningless to Ah Sin, or his pig-tailed companions. In this dilemma a sort of sliding scale has been established, so many blows from a bamboo-stick, the native punishment, being regarded equal to seven days' imprisonment. As a rule one hundred stripes are considered a fair equivalent for a month's imprisonment so that while the yellow-skinned offender gets the former, others have to undergo the term of seclusion. The whipping done by means of a bamboo-rod is very severe, and though a hundred thwacks from a piece of cane seems much lighter punishment than a month's durance vile, it is not so in reality.

THE CAMEL'S HUMP.—Of the two species of camels, the Arabian has one hump, the Bactrian two. The former is sometimes called the dromedary; but this name should be applied only to a particular variety of the species, which is slenderer, more graceful, and much fleeter than the ordinary one-humped camel. The French naturalist Buffon, formed a comical notion about the hump. He regarded it as a badge of servitude, the result of harsh treatment throughout many generations! As a matter of fact, the hump is a store of fat upon which the animal draws during his journeys across the sterile and sandy wastes. After hard work or bad feeding, or both, the hump entirely disappears. As the humps give the impression of growing up to and round a bony ridge, as if the backbone projected there, it may be as well to mention that in the camel the backbone is as straight as in other animals. In special points, which cannot be entered into here, camels are admirably adapted for their careers in the desert.

TIME WANTED.—The eve of the day fixed for his execution Raleigh had taken a final farewell of his wife, and the interview between the two had lasted until the Abbey had tolled the hour of twelve. All business matters had been settled, and there was nothing, therefore, on the mind of the condemned man to interfere with his hopes and thoughts as to the unseen world into which he was about to enter. The King, as a last favor, had granted the wife, speedily to be made a widow, permission to bury the body of her husband after the headsman had done his fell work. "God hold me in my wits!" sighed the poor dame as she entered her coach, stationed under the very shadow of the scaffold upon which in a few hours the blood of her husband was to be shed. As eight o'clock, Raleigh held himself in readiness to quit the Gate House. A cup of excellent wine was now brought to him, which he drank at a quaff. He was asked now he liked it. "As the fellow," he replied, "who drinking of St. Giles' bowl on the way to Tyburn, said it was a good drink if a man might take his time about drinking it."

### THE BRIGHTEST SUN.

BY. A. B.

The brightest sun that ever rose
  Will die as doth the day;
The choicest flower that ever blows
  Will droop and fade away.
For nothing is unchanging here:
  Nothing is even true;
Yet, through the changes that I fear
  Remains my love for you.

The tide of time may sweep along
  With angry dashing wave;
The stream of life, tho' e'er so strong,
  Love at the helm will brave.
And tho' the clouds with dark o'erspread
  The vault of ether blue
No change can fall upon my head
  To cloud my love for you.

Tho' cruel fate keep us apart
  Through life's fast fleeting hours,
And leave the thorn within my heart
  And bear away the flow'rs.
Yet in this cold unyielding earth,
  Believe one thing is true;
The purest love that e'er had birth—
  Dear one, my love for your.

# LADY LINTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXIII.—[CONTINUED.]

NO, thanks. I have to go over to Fontainebleau on business, and the drive will do me good.

"I will have the dog-cart, if you are not going to use it, Baby."

Marvel on marvel!

This was the first time she had ever consulted any one's convenience but her own in ordering what she wanted.

"Only too happy to place it at your disposition in any circumstances," replied Gertie.

And the brightness of her eyes testified to the truth of her assertion. "Pierce will take your orders."

Miss Drummond issued her commands languidly, and, protesting that she could not eat anything, unfolded her serviette and arranged the glasses before her.

Now indeed Gertie shone as a hostess, and with only such help as she got from Gilbert who was not very talkative this morning, she contrived to keep up a little flow of conversation and gossip which sparkled now and then with happy flashes of womanly wit and was pleasant to listen to all through.

Miss Drummond scarcely opened her lips to speak during the luncheon, not even to complain.

She managed to eat a little of everything upon the table, and left very little at the bottom of her bottle of champagne.

Now and then she raised her narrow eyes to glance furtively from Gilbert to Gertrude, and returned them without change of expression to her plate.

"If it is all the same to you, I will take coffee in my own room, Baby," she said, rising from the table when she had finished dessert.

It was not at all the same to Gertie; but she hid her satisfaction as well as she could and replied with propriety.

Then, as Miss Drummond swept from the room, she heaved a deep sigh of satisfaction and smiled at her husband.

They went to the terrace, and had coffee served under the verandah.

Gilbert lit his pipe, and Gertie, with her hands in her lap and a happy curve in her lips, leaned back in her easy-chair and mused.

"What is it, Gertie?" asked Gilbert, leaning forward, his arms resting on his knees.

She recovered herself and turned to him with a little laugh—Miss Drummond's room happily was at the other end of the house.

She did not fear the consequences of laughing.

"What were you thinking about?" he asked.

"Nothing at all of any great importance.

"It's odd how things sometimes come into one's mind which are quite out of keeping with the subject one has at heart! Do you know, I was thinking of a show that used to stand near Kennington Church every Saturday night."

"What sort of show?"

"Oh, a most melancholy exhibition of all sorts of animals put together in one large cage!

"A happy family, the man used to call them, poor things!

"But the creature that is most conspicuous in my memory was an old, old cat with a poor miserable tail and two green eyes which used to crouch in a corner, with her ears laid back, and divide her attention between a sparrow hopping about within the cage and a most brutal-looking man on the outside, who pointed out the marvels of his collection with a long, thin, sharp-pointed iron skewer."

"Doesn't need a conjurer to interpret that vision, Gertie.

"You're the sparrow, Miss Drummond is the cat with the green eyes, and I'm the brute with the skewer."

Gertie was astonished.

After all, it might have been Miss Drummond's unnatural mildness, something of stealthiness and latent cruelty in her eyes when they were at their most quiescent state, which had brought this memory into existence.

But certainly nothing in Gilbert's appearance had brought that horrid man before her.

Why had he compared himself to him?

Gilbert smiled tranquilly, watching with pleasure the expression on his wife's pretty face as she mentally unravelled the skein that he had set before her.

"Isn't it a headache?" she asked suddenly, guessing at the truth.

Gilbert shook his head.

"What have you done?"

"Had it out with her. Made her understand that she should torture you and me no more.

"Bade her go away and do her worst, or stay here and do her best.

"She has shown by her behavior at luncheon which she prefers to do. And she's wise.

"She could have made us exceedingly unhappy—only for a time, I believe; but the consequences would have been still more unpleasant for herself."

"You don't wish to tell me what those consequences for us would be?"

"No, Gertie. I would rather have this hand of mine cut off, and rather this were my last pipe, than let you know.

"And now put some sugar in my coffee, sweetheart, and let us settle how we're to spend this day happily."

They spent the afternoon in a punt under the shadow of rustling leaves, Gilbert fishing, Gertie pretending to fish.

The fish were not voracious that afternoon but Gilbert was content to smoke and drop his line in likely places, while Gertie was supremely happy, with her float amongst the reeds and her hook securely fastened in the weeds under the surface, to be alone and near her beloved husband, and to dream of the future.

They dined alone, a telegram from Miss Drummond informing them that she might be detained at Fontainebleau until very late.

Gertie was not at all curious to know what the business was.

But she hoped it might not be hurried through.

At ten o'clock Miss Drummond was still absent.

"Better go to bed now, Gertie," said Gilbert.

"I will receive Miss Drummond when she arrives."

"She will not think me waiting in courtesy, dear?" suggested Gertie.

"No, no. Go."

It was after eleven when Gertie heard the sound of wheels and voices.

It sounded almost as if some one were singing—but that couldn't be!

A little later she heard voices below—her husband's, speaking in a low firm authoritative tone, Pierce's in short incisive phrases, and Miss Drummond's training languorously with occasional bursts of incoherent remonstrance.

There were sounds upon the marble floor of the vestibule, as if some weighty thing were being drawn or pushed forward, which after a time ended, and only the discontented murmuring of Miss Drummond was audible.

Then came a few sharp decisive words from Gilbert, and a renewal of the slipping and shuffling of feet upon the floor of the vestibule, and the sharp opening of a door—the library door it seemed.

Then the sounds went from the vestibule and simply the hum of voices from a distant room reached Gertie's perplexed ear.

Some one tapped at the door.

"Come in!" cried Gertie, sitting up.

Pierce entered, with a pillow upon her arm.

"Sir Gilbert desired me to inform your ladyship that Miss Drummond is unwell, but that there is no necessity for madam to descend," she said.

Later on, when Gilbert came up, Gertie asked for information.

He said evasively—

"Nothing serious—an attack of the nerves, or something in that way.

"She had a headache before starting, you know.

"She's lying on the couch in the library; Pierce will stay by her.

"If she's not better in the morning, we will send for a doctor.

"But I don't think there will be any necessity for that."

Then he talked of other matters.

Gertie, seeing that he wished to dismiss the subject, refrained from irritating him with useless questions.

The library was in its ordinary state when Gertie went down the next morning, Miss Drummond being in her room.

Pierce reported that she was better, though still suffering severely from headache, and that she desired to keep her room.

Gertie suggested sending Lucas, the groom who had accompanied Miss Drummond on the preceding day, to Fontainebleau for the doctor.

"No," said Gilbert. "If she needs a doctor, she will let us know, you may be sure.

"There's no false modesty about her. As for Lucas, I have sent him away."

"Lucas!"

"Yes—dismissed him summarily. The rascal couldn't stand on his legs, he was so tipsy."

"And Miss Drummond ill! Why, there might have been an accident!"

"There might," responded Gilbert drily, in a tone importing that he would have felt very little regret if an accident had occurred.

On the following day Miss Drummond came down to luncheon, still suffering from headache, but otherwise showing no sign of her recent attack.

She explained briefly—her head preventing her from talking long—that she had been with a notary of Fontainebleau to look at a chalet at Samois, and returned feeling fearfully out of form.

That she had to wait at the hotel until that horrid groom could be found, and that to her horror, after starting from Fontainebleau, she discovered that the wretch was intoxicated, and finally that the fright of the journey had acted so violently upon her imagination that she was more dead than alive on reaching home.

The important fact for Gertie in this narrative was that Miss Drummond had to look at a chalet.

When ordinary forms of politeness permitted, she referred to this statement, and timidly asked Miss Drummond if she intended taking a house.

"Yes, Baby. One can't stay here forever, you know, and I like the neighborhood too well to leave it.

"I shall take a little place—if I can find it."

Miss Drummond stayed in the room the whole day, except at dinner-time.

She had a couch drawn into a position where the light was not too offensive, and where she could get a full view of herself in a glass.

There she lay scarcely moving, save to change one graceful pose for another, or to dispose her dress more advantageously to the contour of her magnificent limbs.

She did not read—she rarely, unless the newspaper contained some carefully-reported social scandal—and she scarcely spoke, her tongue being now under the restraint of good manners.

It suited her indolent sensual nature to lie, comfortably supported by pillows, regarding the slight events that passed and brooding over her own secrets, and it required a piquant emotion or the craving of animal appetite to rouse her from her state of torpor.

She watched Gertie working for an hour at a time without moving her half-closed eyes.

But when Gilbert came into the room or passed in the distance, her eyes opened a little wider, the pupils expanded, and they moved him to Gertie and back again.

Gilbert, strolling in towards dinner-time, addressed a few cold conventional inquiries to her about the state of her health, and then sitting down by Gertie, leaned forward and chatted with her in a very genial undertone.

Gertie replied in a few gay words, and continued her stitching.

He changed his position to catch her profile, and sat admiring the delicate sweet outline until she detected it, and turned her chair about, smiling with a bright flush of happiness in her cheeks.

Miss Drummond, watching the two through the parted fingers with which she shielded her eyes—she had replied to Gilbert with her eyes closed and her hand in that favorite pose, the thumb and finger on the two brows, so excellently arranged for displaying her arm, the turn of her wrist, and rings—did not fail to see these signs of love.

And, had she been ten times a better woman than she was, envy, hatred, and malice would have rankled in her heart.

A bad woman with those sentiments in her heart would not be satisfied to rest inactive long.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM Mrs. Pierce, Fontainebleau, to Mrs. Gower, poste restante, Avenue de l'Opera, Paris—

"Valvins, July 30, 188—.

"Madam,—Obedient to your request, I write to furnish you with full particulars of the visit of Mr. Gower and his daughters.

"Yesterday morning, while preparing the table for luncheon, I perceived a fly approaching the house by the road from Fontainebleau, and, being apprised by your letter of the probable arrival of Mr. Gower, I went at once to close the drive-gate, which I had purposely left open. The fly had drawn up.

"'Ask the woman if this is the house, Edith,' said Mr. Gower.

"Miss Edith Gower put the question to me in French, and, on my replying in English, Mr. Gower asked if Sir Gilbert was at home.

"I said he was. Mr. Gower paid the driver, and the young ladies, informing me that they wished to take Lady Linton by surprise, asked where they should find her.

"I replied that she was in the salon with Sir Gilbert, and that they could enter the room by the lawn in front.

"After a little consultation amongst themselves, they proceeded, with suppressed merriment, to approach the house by the lawn, taking the path beside the house, while I entered the house by the door and took a shawl which Sophia Kirby had been unable to find into the salon, in order to see what happened upon the appearance of Mr. Gower.

"Sophia Kirby was lying on a couch; Sir Gilbert was under the verandah, tying some loose sprays of clematis to the trellis.

"Suddenly Lady Linton dropped the things she was holding into her lap, with an exclamation of pleasure, which was answered by the voices of her visitors. Sir Gilbert, on perceiving the cause of these cries, instead of going to meet Mr. Gower and his family, strode into the salon, and was about to speak, when he caught sight of me.

"He went to Sophia Kirby's side and spoke in a hurried whisper.

"In a moment she whisked from the couch, and slipped out of the room at the very instant Mr. Gower appeared at the window.

"Thus, madam, the recognition we had hoped for was evaded.

"Nevertheless the conclusion to be drawn from the incident which did occur is valuable.

"Sophia Kirby had luncheon served in her apartment, pleading indisposition as an excuse for her absence from the dining-room—an excuse which was partly justified by the previous state of her health.

"The young ladies were very gay and loquacious, and I have never seen Lady Linton in brighter spirits.

"After dinner the whole party went upon the water.

"Sophia Kirby, of course, remained in her room.

"She wrote several letters, which I have not been able to examine.

"When the party returned from boating, Sir Gilbert and Mr. Gower spent a couple of hours in the billiard-room, while Lady Linton and her young friends chatted in the salon—about Mrs. Simpson of Kennington, and facts with which your copy of the diary has acquainted you.

"It is unnecessary to pain you by repeating the slighting allusions made to you by the Misses Gower and Mr. Gower. Mr. Gower smoked a great many cigars, was particularly merry, and took the spirit-case to bed with him.

"This morning, after very early breakfast, the party left in the break, taking with them a cold luncheon and a hamper of wine selected by Mr. Gower personally. I am told they visited Moret, went on to Grez, and took luncheon in the forest. They returned to dinner, and left the house, accompanied by Sir Gilbert and Lady Linton to catch the last train to Paris just before I sat down to commence this letter. Sophia Kirby watched their departure through the bars of the window-shutter.

"I have nothing further at this moment to report—nothing of moment has occurred since I wrote a fortnight ago.

"My partner in London is however actively engaged in a new line of inquiry, which we confidently expect will result in a most important discovery.

"I am compelled to close my letter hurriedly in view of the speedy return of Sir Gilbert and Lady Linton.

"Your respectful and obedient servant,

"E. PIERCE."

From the same, to Mr. Pierce, London—

"Valvins, Monday.

"Dear Pierce,—Your demand for a written order empowering you to draw money out of the Post-office, and accompanying letter, to hand.

"You are aware that every penny in the P.-O. belongs to me, and that in the past I don't know how many years you have done nothing but spend the money gained by my industry.

"I do not wish to rake up old grievances, and I am quite willing to accept your excuses and 'make it up,' as you propose. But, though we may be 'the same flesh and blood,' I have no intention to let you participate in the profits of my exertions unless you help me to the best of your ability. As for your threat to drop a line to Sir Gilbert, and so blow up the whole conspiracy, that is a matter of perfect indifference to me, for a reason that will appear hereafter.

"I do not wish to widen the breach between us, Jo.

"On the contrary, as you will see by the enclosed notes for two hundred francs—the Jew man in Fenchurch Street will give you pounds less eighteen-pence for them, if you stick out for the proper exchange—I wish to let you see that I am most kindly disposed towards you.

"I tell you this—that, if you only give me good proof of your wish to serve me, I will listen favorably to your notion of starting the United Anglers' Punt Company or of taking the candle-factory.

"I want you, Jo, to find John Barton at once.

"This will not be very difficult, as I have discovered that he is guiltless of complicity in the murder of Lady L., has been thrown over by Sophia Kirby, and is in all probability dependent on his wits for a living.

"I am almost certain he is on the turf. S. K. is trying to find him.

"We must get at him first. She sent a letter to him at the Warden Hotel, Dover; but its contents show that she is doubtful of his getting it there.

"You will do well to go to the Warden and claim the letter.

"Not that it is of any value to us—I know the contents—but because it would be valuable to him.

"You had better advertise in the *Sporting Times* and other turf-papers—if I knew the addresses of these people, I would not trouble you.

"Word it like this—'If John Barton wants to hear of a good thing, write to "Double L., Post-office, Dover."'

"If there are any English sporting-papers published in Boulogne or Paris—I think there must be—have the same advertisement inserted in them.

"You can take a room somewhere in Dover, when you go there to claim the letter at the Warden, and wait for answers to the advertisements.

"It is not unlikely that John Barton will go to Dover himself.

"Be careful how you manage him. If you find him, promise him whatever you like,

and, if possible, get him to come to Fontainebleau with you.

"Don't frighten him or let him know more than that you are acting for a lady. If he answers by letter, send it to me at once.

"In either case communicate with me—by telegraph, if pressing.

"And now, Jo, that you may not go about this in a half-hearted reluctant fashion, I will let you into a secret—or part of it. I have discovered within the last week a fact which entirely alters the complexion of this affair.

"I give you my solemn word that I am working now for Lady L., and that, if I succeed, she will bless the day that Mrs. Gower set us to destroy her happiness. You see now how little I need care for your threat, and how, if you really sympathize with Lady L., as you have professed, you are bound to help me to the utmost in your power.

"Write to me, enclosing copies of the advertisement, and I will send you more money, and continue the supply while you try to aid me.

"Yours affectionately,
"E. PIERCE."

"P.S.—I need not enforce upon you the necessity of absolute secrecy with regard to our proceeding at the present time.

"Let no one know what we are doing, nor even suspect it by a careless word.

"It is not probable that you will meet Mrs. Gower.

"But, should such an accident occur, do not suffer her to draw a single fact from you relative to this affair.

"You know nothing, the whole matter rests in the hands of your partner at Fontainebleau, you can say.

"Should she by means get a clue to the recent turn of events, my plans will be upset, and all hopes of rescuing Lady Linton from misery must be abandoned."

From Mr. Pierce Dover, to Mrs. Pierce, Fontainebleau—

"Sea View Cottage, Thursday.

"Dear Eliza,—You've taken me out of my depth, and where on earth you're going to land me I don't know.

"However, I recognise the wisdom of hanging on to you, and thank you for the welcome notes.

"I am sorry to see the money goes faster than I wish, and must beg you to send me more before long.

"Living is frightfully dear here, small whiskey, fourpence, and everything in proportion.

"I have carried out your instructions to the letter, and enclose advertisements published in *Sporting Times*, *Field*, etc.

"I fetched the letter addressed to John Barton at the Warden and read it. It is all heathen Greek to me.

"But I have unbounded confidence in you, and am heartily glad to hear we are doing dirty work for clean people.

"I am certain a cheap bathing-company would do here, but of that more anon. Fish is scarcely to be obtained, the best being sent to London.

"The remainder is sold in the town at a frightful price.

"I have been fairly lucky with a line fishing from a boat.

"A few boats started to supply the town with good fish ought to pay excellently. I am going to try a little bottom-fishing off Folkestone, and so adieu.

"Any information I may pick up relative to John Barton I will forward without delay.

"Yours most affectionately,
"Jos. PIERCE."

## CHAPTER XXV.

IT was but a short period of happiness that came to little Lady Linton at this time, a stream of sunlight like that which sometimes succeeds a day of rain, irradiating for a moment the tear-washed face of Nature before the darkness of night veils it in deeper gloom.

Miss Drummond was not to be broken in like a horse.

If she submitted to Sir Gilbert's guidance it was simply because she saw the folly of running counter to him while he held the rein and the whip.

Meanwhile she pondered the ways and means of getting the rein and whip into her own hands, and bringing Gilbert to submission in his turn.

Gertie saw nothing particular in the absence of Miss Drummond during the visit of Mr. Gower and his daughters.

Possibly she was really unwell, possibly she was merely indisposed to meet visitors whose exuberant greeting indicated a character so entirely opposed to her own lethargic nature.

Gertie was heartily glad that she kept her room, for her presence would only have imposed constraint upon the girls, and spoilt her pleasure in their society.

How different it would have been, thought she, if Gilbert had not come to an understanding with Miss Drummond! Without that, she might have been openly insulted before her own friends.

She would certainly have felt anxious and ill at ease, and they would have gone away with an impression that she was unhappy.

With some such reflections as these Gertie fell asleep that night, after the departure of her friends.

When she opened her eyes, it was with a confused notion that she had been listening for some time to muffled voices and strange sounds, such as she had heard in the vestibule on the night of Miss Drummond's late return from Fontainebleau.

She might have been dreaming something of the kind.

She found that Gilbert was not by her side.

That did not alarm her.

He had been restless and unable to sleep soundly for some time, ever since Miss Drummond came to trouble them.

And frequently he rose in the night to seek sleep in the adjoining toilet-chamber, where an iron bedstead with a good hard mattress had been arranged for him at his direction.

At that moment the sound of a laugh, speedily stifled, and the closing of a door fell upon her ear with startling clearness.

The sounds came from the other end of the corridor, where Miss Drummond's rooms were situated.

For a moment Gertie was too astonished to reason upon what she had heard; then, fearful lest her dear husband should be disturbed, she slipped from the bed, intending to close the door opening on the corridor, which must certainly have come open for the sounds to be so distinct.

No; the door was shut and fastened securely.

The sounds must have come through the door of the toilet-chamber.

The door of connection with that room was wide open, she could see the stars through the window on the opposite side.

It was strange that he had not been wakened.

She would shut the door before he could be disturbed by a repetition of the noise.

Yes, the passage door was open.

It stood out in silhouette against the window as she entered the chamber.

She had to pass Gilbert's bed to get to it.

Moving cautiously forward, assuring herself of one step before venturing another, the silence struck her with sudden fear.

She paused and stretched forth her hand tentatively over the pillow, and then explored it with both hands.

Gilbert was not there.

She sat upon the bedside, unable to understand what it was that filled her with vague terror.

As she sat there in the darkness and silence of the night, her ear caught again that sound of laughter deadened by the interposing door, and then the deep murmur of a man's voice.

It was Gilbert's voice.

It was Miss Drummond's laugh.

Gertie started to her feet.

In that moment of madness she had the intention of going to Miss Drummond's room and confronting the woman, with what purpose she knew not.

It was the natural instinct of an outraged woman to give voice to the fury that seethed within her.

But it was not the woman alone she should confront—her husband was there.

At that thought she sank upon the bed, recoiling from the exposure of his infamy as from some actual uncleanliness.

She felt that his shame was hers, and that it was a thing to hide from themselves and all the world.

It seemed to her that she could never again look him in the face, that she must shut her eyes at the sight of him and shudder at his approach.

But, apart from the sense of delicacy which made her shrink from the purpose which had a moment before possessed her, there was just sufficient reason glimmering over the heaving tumult of her mind to show her the impolicy of it.

The shame would be for her in revealing the infidelity of her husband, the triumph for the woman who had succeeded in making him unfaithful.

She had no sense of shame to touch—that creature, who made an open mock of innocence and faith, and delighted in the boast that she had never felt regret.

Gertrude was powerless to punish her, and the woman knew it, and defiantly showed that she knew it by not even closing the door to conceal her laughter.

Ah, was it not possible that she courted discovery as a means of separating the wife from the husband and getting him all to herself?

Why, that was most probable!

This supposition became a settled conviction from the moment it entered her mind.

When she could put her ideas into some sort of consecutive order, Gertrude thought thus—

"The woman came here with the express intention of punishing me in revenge for Gilbert's desertion, and of winning him back to herself.

"She insulted me in the very first hour of her coming.

"She made herself the mistress of my house, ordered my servants, directed my husband.

"She made me ridiculous in his eyes, treating me as a child and his toy.

"She missed no opportunity to mortify me.

"She made love to him shamelessly before my eyes.

"When Gilbert saw how cruelly I suffered, he took pity on me, and forbade her to continue her systematic course of torture.

"Then she prepared to strike a more deadly blow while seeming to comply with his restrictions.

"Oh, I have foreseen a new trouble!

"I have seen the brooding malice in her wicked eyes as she lay there on the couch watching me.

"And, now the blow is struck, what help have I?"

The cry came from her heart, "What help have I?" as she rose from the bed with her hands clasped, staring into the darkness.

What could she do?

How could she cope with that woman?

The admission of her husband's infidelity must separate them.

She passed rapidly into her own room, with a vague feeling that she must hide her knowledge from Gilbert.

She would go to bed again, and when he came she would pretend to be asleep.

But with her hand upon the curtains she stopped.

No, she could not deceive him.

Good or bad, she could have no secret from him.

"Heaven help me!" she moaned, sinking upon the chair by the window.

No, there could be no concealment.

She could not live with him as if nothing had happened, even if she succeeded in hiding her knowledge.

She could not meet that woman, exchange greetings with her, and bear a complacent countenance, knowing the connection that existed between her and Gilbert.

She would rather suffer anything than that.

They must go away from each other, she and Gilbert, even if he offered to dismiss that woman.

The shame would be too great for them to bear; they could not live together with that fact ever in their recollection; they could not bear that degradation remembering the purity of their former love.

She knew that men and their wives under similar conditions lived together, but that was because all love was gone between them.

And she still loved her husband.

There was no bitterness in her heart against him; the woman was to blame, he to be pitied and wept for.

Why she knew not, did not seek to know; but she felt it was so.

Oh, the happiness of the past gone for ever!

Would he not think of it with regret, and that aching sorrow at his heart which she felt?

And could he suffer so, and she not grieve for him?

It was the feeling of a mother for a child that has done wrong and suffers punishment.

But it would be better for them both, better a thousand times, than that they should live together hardening their hearts and growing callous to remorse, and slowly, surely ceasing to love each other in the pure sweet manner of old.

She would go away—no matter where, now that it was certain she must go—and find new friends.

For it would be childlike to think of living all alone, and dying of grief, as in old-fashioned romances.

She must get over it somehow, and that could be done only by a great effort not to give way to sentiment too much, and by grasping every chance of strengthening her heart and mind.

She would try to find friends—two or three, not more.

Not granny or the girls—oh, no, she hoped they would never hear about Gilbert!

Perhaps she would go to Neufbourg, or some remote place where no one could know that she had been married and had lost her husband.

But this suggested a new calamity to her mind.

Her child—her child—the new being whose coming had been the centre of her happy dreams by day and night—the fruit of their dear love—the link which was to bind her husband yet more closely to her—the soul that they were to cherish together, to train up graciously, and mould to the form most lovable and good.

"Oh, Gilbert, Gilbert, have you never thought of that?" she murmured; and then of a sudden her heart broke in sobs, and the tears sprang from her eyes.

This outburst of grief was not of long duration.

She stanched the tears, and set herself to think with desperate resolution—set herself to think collectedly, with the sobs yet shaking her body and the tears slowly streaming from her eyes, wipe them how she might.

It was not for herself she had to think now; it was for her child—for Gilbert's child.

The welfare of that hapless creature was of far more importance than her happiness.

She must find out what it was her duty to do, what sacrifice she could make for the sake of her unborn child.

Her head grew giddy and ached with the effort she made to compose her thoughts and bring them into reasonable form.

She thought that she might be able to grow calm if she walked about the room instead of sitting still; and she rose from her chair and groped her way forward in the darkness.

At that moment Gilbert entered the room with noiseless step, and, seeing her ghostly figure in the pale light of the stars, knew what had happened.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

"GERTIE!" he said, in a low tone, speaking that she might not be frightened by discovering him unwarned.

"I am here, dear," she answered, in faltering tones.

He had come and she was unprepared.

She was helpless, and stood trembling and weak, wondering simply if she ought to have called him "dear" if they were to go away from each other.

He came to her side, and, putting his hand upon her shoulder, felt her shivering beneath his touch.

"Better get into bed, my child," he said, gently.

"No, no; I cannot lie down. There is too much to think about," she replied, trembling violently.

He led her forward without speaking, and obliged her to sit on the bed.

Then he groped about in search of a covering for her, remembered his dressing-gown, and put it on her shoulders, found a pair of slippers and put them on her feet, while she sobbed in bewilderment and uncertainty.

It seemed to her that he ought to be altered somehow.

Yet here he was the same thoughtful tender man going about noiselessly and seeking practical comfort for her.

She had always loved him so dearly, believed in him so thoroughly, regarded him so clearly as an absolute good and perfect husband, that she could not all of a sudden cease to love and respect and honor him.

Weakly she yearned and knowing she was weak, yet yearned for a restoration of that perfect love which had existed, if only for one moment, that she might draw him to her and kiss him in gratitude for putting his dressing-gown about her.

It was so contrary to all she had ever thought or expected that she could not realise his guilt.

Theoretically she saw that the love between them must be at an end; but practically she loved him still.

He sat down on the bed beside her, and it seemed quite natural that he should put his arm round her.

But, oh, it was terrible not to be able to clasp the hand that touched her waist!

And she must never, never kiss him again!

She had lost him for ever!

Her heart was wrung between conflicting emotions for a moment.

Then, giving way to the impulse of her nature, she turned towards him, flung her arms about his neck, and burst into tears.

He alone knew what he suffered as he sat there, powerless to soothe the distracted wife whose heart-broken sobs sounded in his ear and convulsed the tender body under his hand.

He took a handkerchief from his pocket and pressed it against the cheek that lay upwards from his breast.

"Yes, dear, yes," she said, accepting this act as a hint, and drawing herself up, "I shall be calm directly."

She took the handkerchief, and, after a long quivering sob, said, with an air of buoyant resolution, "Now we will talk about it, and settle what is to be done."

"No hurry, Gertie."

"Oh, yes, yes! We must think it out now.

"I was trying to think it out alone when you came.

"It will be easier with you to help me."

"Well, sweetheart?"

"Oh, you mustn't call me that! I know—I know all."

"So I supposed. You overheard all:—eh!"

"Oh, Gilbert, you don't think I would listen at a door, do you?"

"How could you know without?"

"I found your door open, I heard your voice, I heard that horrid creature laugh."

"Is that all?" he said, not in a tone of inquiry, but with a sigh of regret. "I hoped it was all over," he added, absently

She listened in astonishment.

What did he mean by hoping it was all over?

Had she not heard enough to separate them?

Did he wish that she had obtained more conclusive evidence, that any temporising might be impossible, or—and she clutched at the possibility with a desperate hope of escape—had she rashly jumped at a wrong conclusion and condemned him upon insufficient evidence?

Did he hope that she had discovered a fact that would allay her suspicions and put an end to the cruel doubts by which he suffered in part with her?

But, while she waited in feverish suspense, he spoke, and his words banished hope from her heart.

"After what you have heard," he said, "it would be an absurdity to remind you that you promised to have faith in me, and to ask you to trust me in spite of these damning proofs. You are no longer a child, and you never were a fool."

"I am not a child, Gilbert," she replied; "but I have faith in you; and, if you tell me that my suspicions are all wrong and groundless, I will—I"—she hesitated, seeing how hard it would be to reconcile his fidelity to her with the circumstances; and then, determined to set his word above her own reason, she added in a low, earnest tone, "I will believe you."

He did not reply for some time. At length he said—

"I don't see how that's possible, Gertie. Or, if it is possible to strain credulity so far this time, it might not be the next, and all this misery would be repeated. Come—tell me what you thought when you heard our voices out there."

"I thought that I could never look you in the face again—that we never could approach each other without a sort of horror of each other. And then it would kill all the tender and good feelings in us to live together with that on our minds."

"But you don't seem to have much horror just now?" he said, almost playfully, touching the hand that clung to his arm.

"No, no! I cannot understand myself. You are so unchanged, so calm and kind, so exactly like your old self, the man I have worshipped and loved above all the world, that somehow I can't realise that you have done wrong and are changed."

"The strongest love needs time to mature; detestation may be the stronger for not coming in a moment. And I don't see how you can stand a continuation of this

kind of thing without eventually hating me. That's the deuce of it!"

He spoke with bitter impatience, was silent a moment, and then continued in a calmer tone, "Go on, Gertie; let me know what you thought of doing."

"I thought, better than that it would be to go away at once, Gilbert," she said, trembling.

He did not reply.

"Go right away—separate, perhaps for—for ever," she sobbed.

He said nothing to show that he was at all surprised; rather his silence led her to suppose that he had calculated upon such a possibility.

A terrible fear that he would be content to let her go away flashed upon her; but she shut her eyes to it; she would not think him so heartless and cruel; it was treason to do so.

And she stifled her sobs and hurried on, lest he might say something to verify her greatest fear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# Her Crime Atoned.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE" "VERA."

ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER IX.—(CONTINUED).

AND, indeed, the risk of Trevor's possible ill-treatment seemed a very small consideration in comparison with what she had already given up by consenting to become his wife.

"Have you made any arrangements, or fixed a date for the marriage?" asked her brother, presently.

"Yes. Trevor wishes it to take place immediately, in a fortnight's time."

"So soon! And what do you say to such haste?"

"I agree to it," she answered quite feverishly.

"For, in effect, she was almost as anxious as Trevor to get the ceremony over.

"It seemed to her that once a wife, the terrible strain and struggle of the last few days would be merged in a sense of irrevocability that would be far preferable to suspense.

"Very well," Roy replied, quietly, but with a bitter pang at his sister's apparent willingness to cast off the old home fetters for such a new passion as this.

And then there was a short silence between the two, each being occupied with his or her own thoughts.

"I, too, have news for you," said Roy, after a little while, rousing himself from his reverie.

And Vivien was struck by the joyous ring in his voice, which, however, was speedily accounted for.

It was his own love story he had to unfold, and it was short enough to be told in very little time, especially as Vivien proved such a sympathetic listener.

"I should have spoken to you of Alice before, only she did not wish our engagement known in consequence of her uncle's opposition," said the young man, in conclusion.

"That is now a thing of the past, for in a letter I have just had she tells me that the cousin, who it was arranged she should marry, has taken the initiative, and mated himself with a wife in India, and the affair has so enraged his father that he has not only threatened to disinherit him, but, what is much more to the point, has given his consent to Alice's becoming engaged to me."

"I am so glad," whispered Vivien, kissing him, "but when am I to see her?"

"As soon as possible, for I shall go over to Glasbury this week, and bring her home with me.

At that moment there came a sudden chime of sweetness borne across the snowy air from the village church, where the bells were ringing out a glad welcome to the Christmas dawn, the dawn, ushered in long years ago by a yet sweeter choir of seraph voices to the wondering shepherds on the quiet Bethlehem hills.

Roy rose, and, drawing his sister's arm within his own, went to the window and threw it wide open, and then they both stood listening to those sweet, solemn peals listening silently, for many thoughts were busy in their brains the while.

And each of them, while thinking of the changes the last twelve months had wrought were wondering what others would happen ere another Christmas morning broke.

* * * * *

At that same moment Keith Gordon was sitting alone in his study, leaning his head wearily on his hand, and thinking of the girl by whose side he had stood in the starlight an hour or two ago.

He was thinking of how passionately he had kissed her, and the delight of those moments was still quickening his pulses, though he cursed his own madness for forgetting, even for a few seconds, the barrier that kept him apart from Vivien as surely as if a wide gulf had been laid between them.

What would he not have given to be able to offer her the stainless name, whose honor he had once worn so proudly, to take her to his heart and feel that, in spite of everything, her love was his, and here at least was peace!

But it was not to be, and a bitter cry of anguish went up from the man's tortured soul as he thought of the terrible, irretrievable past.

His reverie was presently broken by the entrance of a lady, the same Vivien had seen when she took shelter at the Chase, only even whiter and more ethereal-looking now than she had been then.

She came forward, half-hesitatingly, and took up a position behind Keith's big chair, laying her hand lightly on his shoulder.

"Why are you not in bed, Gertrude, it is too late for you to be wandering about," said Gordon, sweeping on one side some violets that had been lying in front of him as he spoke.

"I cannot rest," she answered, with a half-wild, half-pitiful inflection in her voice.

"Don't you recollect what anniversary this is?

"When I was in my room the air seemed to stifle me, and so I went outside and let the wind blow over my temples because they were throbbing so, and then I heard the bells ringing, and they repeated the same thing over and over again, always the same.

"They have stopped down, and another Christmas Day has come in."

"You should not have gone out," Gordon said, in rather an alarmed voice, his thoughts flying to the possibilities that existed of Michael Lee lurking about the place even thus early.

"Go back to your room and try to rest."

"Rest!" she echoed with a little mocking laugh.

"You should know better than say such a word to me, Keith; when do I rest, night or day?

"Let me stay here with you. I will be quiet and not speak a word to disturb you, but it would be misery for me to be all alone."

It was impossible to resist such an appeal, and Gordon motioned her to a seat, thinking to himself that there was no probability of Lee's trying to effect an entrance just yet, and that in half-an-hour's time Gertrude would be calmer, and might then be induced to retire quietly.

She kept her word as far as being silent went, and seemed quite content to sit and watch him as he made certain notes in a pocket-book.

The house was very quiet, with that quietude which seems peculiar to midnight the ticking of the clock, or the fall of a cinder on the hearth were the only sounds to break the stillness.

At once the door creaked on its hinges, and looking up quickly, Gordon saw, to his dismay, the form of Lee standing in the aperture.

Instantly he comprehended what had in truth occurred, namely, that Gertrude had left ajar the little door at the side of the house, which she always used for going into the garden, and Lee had abandoned his plan of entering through the study window when he saw such a safe and speedy mode of ingress open to him.

It was for this reason, too, that he had got in so much earlier than he otherwise would have done.

As this idea flashed through Gordon's brain he blamed his own folly for not having thought of it before and guarded against such a contingency, but regret was to no avail now, he must act, not think, and there was no time to be lost.

"What do you want?" he demanded, while Gertrude started up with a loud shriek, and then stood perfectly still, gazing in terror at this midnight intruder, "if money be your object, you have come to the wrong place, for there are neither jewels or any other valuables here."

"And if there were I should not touch them," replied the gipsy, contemptuously, while he slowly withdrew his right hand from behind his back.

"It's not money, and it's not jewels as can pay for the wrong you've done me, Keith Gordon," he added, in the low, hoarse voice of hardly-repressed passion.

"Blood will have to wash that out, and I swore ten years ago that I'd never rest satisfied until the murderer of my daughter Rachael had been shot dead by my hand, and I've come to keep my vow!"

There was something in the words that made Gordon grow pale, but he dashed forward to the other side of the table to seize a pistol he had loaded ready for any emergency that might arise.

At the same moment Lee stepped farther into the room, raised his right arm, and took aim with a steady coolness that could not possibly have missed its mark.

Gertrude, whose eyes had been fixed on his face, saw the movement, and comprehended its meaning.

Then, a loud report echoed through the night air, and simultaneously, a blinding flash seemed to lighten before Keith's eyes.

When the smoke cleared away, Gertrude was lying senseless on his breast, a stream of blood gushing from her side, but a brave smile of triumph on her pallid lips.

She had saved Gordon's life with her own!

## CHAPTER X.

CHRISTMAS DAY passed very quietly and uneventfully at Etheredge Court, although one at least of the party under its roof was in a state of mental excitement that could hardly prevent from appearing in her demeanor.

Vivien's thoughts were with Keith Gordon, of whose safety she was not yet assured and all that day long she was wondering whether Michael Lee had gained an entrance the preceding night, and what would be the end of this shadow of crime and dishonor lowering over Gordon Chase.

Her own situation was miserable enough, but of this she thought little, for so entirely had Gordon come to dominate her life that all consideration were merged in the paramount one of his escape.

She dared not go to him, or even write—the remembrance of those kisses still burned on her lips, making the vivid color fly to her cheeks, as she thought of them.

To attempt any further intercourse would be a wrong to her own maiden modesty, as well as to Trevor, who now held an undivided right to her allegiance.

Trevor, of course, was as elated as he could possibly be at the success of his scheme.

Everything had gone well with him, and all the chances were still in his favor—at one bold stroke he had gained a beautiful bride, and at the same time the prospective half of a splendid inheritance—what more could any reasonable man desire?

He confessed Fortune had favored him, and was so far grateful as to say to himself, that for the future he would turn over a new leaf, and settle down quietly as a country squire, entertaining friends, making himself very popular in the neighborhood, and playing the part of a good landlord.

Yes, it would be an ideal existence.

There should be no more plots, or gambling, or horse-racing—all that should be buried in the same past, and with the help of his wife he would forget it.

It hurt his vanity when Vivien drew back from his caresses, and when he felt her cheek grow cold beneath the touch of his lips.

But still he did not seriously mind it.

For his experience of women had taught him that they were changeable creatures, inconsistent and variable as the wind.

And, he said to himself, when they were married she would grow to care for him, and all would go exactly as he wished.

Nevertheless, in order to make assurance doubly sure, he was anxious the marriage should take place with as little delay as possible, and in this desire he was aided, as we have already seen, by Vivien's indifference.

So it was finally decided their wedding-day should be fixed a fortnight hence, and he then announced his intention of setting out for London on the following Thursday Christmas fell on a Tuesday that year—in order to complete certain necessary arrangements.

To all this Vivien acquiesced without demur, but at night she excused herself rather early, and went to her own apartment—glad of the opportunity of escaping from her lover, and feeling herself free to indulge in those thoughts his presence rendered impossible.

Her first action on entering the room was to draw up the blind and gaze through the window at the snowy world of whiteness outside, on which was shining—

"That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon."

It was shining on something else, too, besides the snow—on a little white object lying on the sill, which immediately attracted Vivien's attention.

She noiselessly raised the sash in order to draw it in, and it proved to be a letter wrapped round a piece of stone, which had evidently been used as a weight.

It contained these words, written in French:

"Thinking you may possibly wish to know the conclusion of your yesterday's adventure, I write to tell you that Michael Lee fulfilled his intention of entering my house, but instead of hurting me, was himself so badly wounded that he immediately fell, and was consequently at my mercy.

"I have had him conveyed to a bedroom, where his wounds have been attended to, and he is watched over by my servant; and as he is quite incapable of moving, there is no danger of his attempting further mischief yet awhile.

"I have not told you the whole of the consequences attendant on last night, as there is a chance of this note falling into other hands than your own, but in due time you may hear further particulars."

This was all.

It was not signed, or even addressed, and it was evident from the precautions he had taken that Gordon had been afraid of compromising her by allowing her name to be coupled with his own.

Nevertheless, short and unsatisfactory as the note was, Vivien was very grateful for it, and after reading it, fell on her knees with a little sob of thankfulness for Heaven's mercy in allowing him to escape unhurt.

Two days after Trevor Etheredge set out for London, while Roy started for Glasbury where he stayed a night, and then returned bringing with him Alice Matthison.

Greatly to his satisfaction the two girls conceived a strong fancy for each other, and almost immediately a cordial friendship sprung up between them, which was cemented by the many sympathies they had in common.

Indeed, Vivien was very glad of Alice's society, for although Fraulein Schultz was everything that was good and kind, she was too old to prove a companion of congenial tastes, and the young girl had often longed for a friend of her own age, in whom she might confide, and feel sure of being understood.

Not that she arrived at such a stage of confidence as to lay open the secrets of her heart.

Vivien was too reserved in nature for that, and the name of Keith Gordon never once passed her lips in her intercourse with Alice.

Neither did she speak much of Trevor, who was still away in town, but on all other subjects she was candor itself, and Alice was completely subjected by the charms of her future sister.

And so the time went on, flying swiftly past, and bringing nearer and nearer the day that should give Vivien's life into her cousin's keeping.

It is impossible to say how unspeakably she dreaded it, and how her very heart seemed torn when she thought of Keith, and all that might have been if she were free, and if that shadow of guilt had not lain between them.

To do her justice, it must be said she indulged as little as possible in retrospection of any kind.

The feverish sort of gaiety she assumed in order to hide her real feelings answered its purpose well with Roy, although Alice, whose womanly keenness of vision was intensified by her affection, was not so easily deceived, and more than half suspected her unhappiness.

Delicacy naturally kept her silent on a point that she could see it was Vivien's desire to conceal, but she questioned Roy concerning his sister's languid mien, and asked him if he could explain it—of course with a barren result, for the young man himself was puzzled, and said the only thing he knew of to trouble Vivien was her lover's absence.

More than once our heroine was on the point of going to Roy and repeating all that Trevor had told her, confess the sacrifice demanded of her was too great, and then the idea of his grief and shame kept her back, and she said to herself that the very thought of all she had spared him would in itself go far towards retrieving the misery she was called upon to endure.

But the struggle told on her in spite of all her efforts.

She grew thin and wan, and the bright girlish laugh that used to echo so merrily through the passages was never heard now.

Even Fraulein Schultz noticed the change and made herself quite unhappy on account of her pet's altered appearance, telling her, with a sad shake of his head, she had better have stayed in the cloistered repose of the old Belgian convent.

There, at least, sorrow had been unable to reach her.

At last the eve of the wedding-day arrived, and in the morning Trevor telegraphed his intention of reaching Etheredge Court in time for dinner.

Alice Matthison was very anxious to see him, for she thought she might perhaps obtain from his manner a clue that would help to solve the mystery of his fiance's curious depression, and it so happened that she finished her toilette operations early that evening, and descended to the drawing-room before either Roy or his sister were down.

She took an arm-chair near the fire, and was idly turning over a book of engravings when Trevor, in full evening dress, entered the room.

He looked rather puzzled as his eyes fell on Alice, for as yet he knew nothing of the relations existing between herself and Roy and consequently was at a loss to account for her presence.

Nevertheless he bowed, and advanced until he was within a few feet of her, and standing so that the light from the chandelier fell straight down on his face.

To his great surprise the young girl started from her seat with a slight scream, while the book she had been looking at dropped from her nerveless hands to the floor.

"I am afraid I have startled you," said Trevor, picking it up and restoring it to her.

"I might have entered the room with more ceremony if I had known it was tenanted."

"I think I must have been dreaming," returned Alice, confusedly, but not removing her eyes from his face. "You are Mr. Trevor Etheredge?"

He bowed an assent, and seated himself opposite her, slightly astonished, and even amused at the closeness of her scrutiny.

"I was not aware there were any visitors at the Court," he observed, smoothing his fair moustache with one delicate ringed hand.

"Have you been staying long, may I ask?"

"I came the Saturday after Christmas."

"That dreadfully cold, snowy day? What a most terrible journey you must have had."

"Yes, it was not very pleasant."

"Had you far to travel?"

"I came from Glasbury, in Wales."

Trevor started violently, and grew a little paler at Alice's answer.

As a rule he was a very self-possessed man, but to hear suddenly mentioned a place that recalled such memories as Glasbury was an unpleasant surprise, for which he was certainly prepared.

"You seem to know the place?" added the girl, who had been watching him very keenly.

"Yes, I was there many years ago."

"And what do you think of it? The scenery is supposed to be very fine."

"Well, I really can't answer that question.

"I went there for the purpose of meeting some one on business, and as I walked straight from the station to the hotel, which is not, as you are aware, five minutes' walk I had no opportunity of seeing the village. It is very small, is it not?"

"Very. I suppose it was the 'Shakespeare' Hotel you stayed at—an old Eliza-

bethan house, almost covered with ivy?"

"Yes; a picturesque old place. I remember thinking what a pretty picture it would make, and wondering if an artist had already sketched it.

"There is no other hotel at Glasbury, is there?"

"No," Alice answered aloud, and said to herself—

"I don't like this man, he tells untruths, for the 'Shakespeare' was only made an hotel six months since, and yet he says he stayed there 'many years ago.'

"There is something very strange about him, and his nocturnal visit to the church.

"I can swear it was he I saw; his identity is too marked to be mistaken."

She had already mentioned to Roy how she had been locked in the sacred edifice all night after he had left her, and how she had been let out by the sexton the next morning, and had gone on to her friends, and thus concealed the escapade from her uncle.

Roy had expressed considerable uneasiness when he heard of the register having been tampered with, and advised his fiancee to tell the whole affair to the rector, and risk his anger.

The abstraction of the leaf might prove to be a serious matter, and it was better to endure a scolding rather than condone a felony, he said.

And Alice promised to be guided by his advice, and had forthwith written a full confession to her uncle, all the more readily because she was beyond the reach of his indignation.

She had not time to pursue the train of puzzled thought the sight of Trevor had awoke, for Vivien came in, attired in some pale lustrous silk, with just enough violet in it to pass for mourning.

She had left the choice of a dress to her maid, caring herself very little how she looked.

The girl had done her best to set off her mistress's loveliness, and had succeeded to perfection, for Vivien looked superbly beautiful in spite of the delicate ivory pallor of her complexion.

Trevor advanced, both hands outstretched but the girl drew back coldly, with an involuntary movement of repulsion that caused a red flush to rise to her lover's brow, and it was not lost on Alice.

He said nothing, however, contenting himself with the reflection that this time to-morrow the haughty beauty would be his wife, and then he would have an opportunity of teaching her better manners.

In the meantime he commenced a conversation with Roy regarding certain arrangements for the ceremony, but was interrupted by the entrance of a footman, who brought in a card which he presented to him.

The name inscribed on the card was that of—"Keith Gordon."

"You say this is meant for me?" queried Trevor, his voice hardly so steady as usual.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Gordon is in the library waiting to speak to you."

"Then have the goodness to tell him I am engaged—and shall be all the evening."

The footman retired, but came back almost immediately.

"Mr. Gordon says he must see you, sir—that it is a matter of great importance, and he insists on an interview."

"Insists on an interview! Confound his impertinence!" exclaimed Trevor, very angrily.

"He questions my right of refusing him, does he?"

"Well, then, tell him I distinctly decline to accede to his request."

Again the man retired, while Trevor still stood on the hearthrug, twisting the card nervously about in his fingers and beating an impatient tatoo with his foot.

He looked up quickly as the door was pushed suddenly open, and beheld on the threshold none other than Gordon himself.

"I must apologize for thus forcing an entry into your house," said Keith, bowing to Vivien, but addressing himself with cold politeness to Roy.

"As the motive of my visit nearly concerns you, I venture to think you will forgive the intrusion."

Roy bent his head rather stiffly.

He was favorably impressed by the brief manly courtesy of Gordon's manner, but, for all that, he could not forget the dark cloud of guilt that hung about him, and he certainly was far from inclined to welcome him as guest.

Keith, having made the apology he deemed necessary, turned to Trevor, and the look of contemptuous scorn he cast on him was returned by the latter with one of equal hatred.

"I wish you to remember, that in spite of that has passed between us, it was my desire to spare you a public humiliation, and for that reason I requested an interview, which you refused to grant," he said, in slow and measured accents.

"To-night I heard for the first time that you were to be married to Miss Etheredge in the morning and that intelligence has induced me to take a step which no other consideration would have induced me to.

"Indeed!" returned Etheredge, sneeringly, "I confess I fail to understand what interest you have in Miss Etheredge's welfare, or what difference your interference can possibly make in her relations with her."

"I can say this much to her, and in your presence—that she had better be in her grave than linked for life to such a scoundrel as I know you to be!" was the stern response, while the speaker's dark face flushed a deep red.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## "I Cannot."

BY J. CLEGG.

HEAR me, father!" and the dark eyes looked up beseechingly, and the white lips quivered as she spoke. "I cannot comply with your request; I cannot marry Victor Wayne. I do not love him, father, dear; and would you sacrifice your Eva, your only child, to a man she dislikes, and even hates?"

"Girl, leave my presence, and, when you are calm, I will hear you! But, stay! *Remember!* refuse Victor Wayne's proposal, and I disown you as my child for ever!"

Thus spoke George Clifton, the wealthy merchant, to his only child, over whose head scarce seventeen summers had passed.

"What! Eva Clifton refuse to be the adored bride of Victor Wayne? Nay, she *shall* be his! To-morrow morning he comes for his answer, and he shall not be disappointed. She shall and must obey!"

When Clara Milton, Eva's best friend, called, she found the young lady in tears. She knew that Eva was engaged to Edgar St. Clair, and that that gentleman intended to inform Mr. Clifton of his attachment next day.

"Oh your father may change his mind, Eva," said Clara, at length; "and if he would inquire of my father and other gentlemen in regard to Mr. Wayne's character (for he is a well-known gambler), I am positive he would dispense with his company altogether. But I must go, Eva. I shall see you soon again, and I hope you may be more cheerful than you are at present."

Soon after Clara's departure the servant entered.

"Your father awaits you, Miss Eva."

"Oh! I had almost forgotten. Tell him I will be there in a few minutes."

After arranging her mass of jetty locks she went down to meet the stern, proud look of her father.

"Good evening, father! I am sorry to have kept you waiting. I am at your service now, father. What is it you wish?"

"Your decision, child. Have you concluded to become the wife of Victor Wayne?"

"Father, I love you fervently, I love to obey you in all things, but I can never marry Victor Wayne."

"Then you must leave my house."

"Father, would you—could you throw me into the streets, friendless and alone? Oh, father, a pale face from Heaven looks pityingly upon you, and that face is like mine, father! 'Tis my angel mother's face."

A tear was in that proud man's eye, for he, too, had once loved, and that love was Eva's mother.

"Well, come, Eva; have you never yet thought of marriage—have you never loved?"

"I have, father."

He rose from his seat, walking to and fro in an excited manner.

"Who, Miss Clifton,—who is the recipient of your love?"

"Do not be angry, father, and I will tell you."

"I again ask you—who?"

"Edgar St. Clair, father."

"What?" exclaimed the indignant man, "that poor, unsophisticated lawyer?"

"Call him what you wish, father; but he is noble, and I, Eva Clifton, love him. He is poor, 'tis true; but he is educated, and has every accomplishment that is necessary for a young man's education. He can work, he can give me bread, and, with his love 'tis all I ask. Now discard me if you will, father; but hear me. Sooner than become the wife of a gambler I will be the wife of a poor man!"

"Victor Wayne a gambler? 'Tis false. He will be here in the morning, and I will inform him of the flattering compliments Mr. St. Clair has bestowed upon him."

"Father, it was not Edgar that gave me the desired information. No, it was not he, but 'tis I, your child, proclaims Victor Wayne a gambler and a scoundrel! Tell him it was I, and I will stand before him and defy him to deny himself to be one of the most notorious gamblers in the world!"

The child's form was perfectly erect, and the eyes were defiant.

"Leave me, Eva!—leave me child! I will think of the matter."

She left the room without any hesitation whatever, thinking about what her father had said in regard to Mr. Wayne's calling in the morning.

Poor Eva passed a sleepless night, but morning at length dawned, and the unhappy girl arose from her couch weary and careworn. Her beautiful face was very pale, and the dark eyes were sunken in their sockets.

"Edgar!—oh, Edgar, how much I do suffer for you! But there is one thing I am determined to do. In preference to meeting Mr. Wayne this morning, I will prepare to go to Clara's and spend the day."

Ringing a tiny bell near by, she proceeded to dress. The servant at length arrived.

"Madge, tell Dick to have the carriage as soon as possible. And if father inquires for me, tell him I have gone to take my morning ride. Has he left the house yet?"

"No, ma'am; he is sitting in the library, and ordered me to keep a look-out for the door, and if Mr. Wayne called, to admit him, but no one else under any consideration. There was a young gentleman called this morning and asked for your father; but I did as I was ordered, and told him Mr. Clifton was not at home. He then asked if you were in. I told him I would see, as I was not positive whether your father had directed me to admit any of your acquaintance or not. I went to him and told him there was a gentleman to see you. Taking the card from me he arose, saying, 'Go tell the gentleman Miss Eva cannot s-e him.' His face turned very pale when I told him what your father ordered me to do."

Eva crushed back a tear, saying, "Hurry, Madge, for you have delayed too long already. Heavens!" murmured the heart-stricken girl; "Edgar will think I do not wish to see him, and sent him thus rudely from me."

"The carriage is ready, Miss Eva."

"Yes; I am coming, Madge. Is that not a step in the hall?"

"I think not, ma'am."

'Twas not imagination, but reality, for just as Madge opened the door Mr. Wayne walked in.

"Miss Clifton, I sincerely hope I have not intruded."

"No intrusion whatever, Mr. Wayne."

"I suppose you are aware of the object of my visit, and I sincerely hope your answer may be favorable."

"Did not my father give you my answer, sir?"

"No, not a direct answer; and I wanted to see you. Now, come, my dear girl, let's have it."

And he drew his chair nearer to Eva.

"Mr. Wayne, remember whom you are addressing!" said Eva, growing passionate. "I shall summon my father, sir!"

"Your father is not here," said he, with a fiendish look.

"I have those, sir, who will prove friends at the time of need."

"I am very glad to hear it. I hope you esteem me as a friend of yours."

"I do not, sir; in my estimation you stand very low."

"Come, no insinuations, allow me to tell you!"

"I mean what I say, sir! and I will not degrade myself by keeping company with you any longer."

So saying, she left the room; and he, with an oath, left the house.

"I will win her yet," mused he as he went on. "My love has turned to hatred; but as long as I have the father on my side, 'tis sufficient, for she shall and will be mine. Not because I care for her particularly; but she has money and I must have it."

Eva was still in her room, weeping, and thinking of her heartless father, who would sell her to a villain whom he supposed had gold.

And where was Edgar St. Clair all this time?

In one of the most busy streets of the city stands a large brick building. We go up one staircase, another, and still another, and the first door we come to on the left side of the narrow hall has a sign on it, "Edgar St. Clair, Solicitor."

Let us peep in.

His office is small, but comfortable.

And there is our hero.

He is sitting by his table, not reading, as we should suppose, but he seems absorbed in thought.

He looks weary and careworn.

His cheek rests on his hand, and his chestnut locks fall on his noble brow.

"I do not believe that she, my dark-eyed Eva, is false. But those words, 'Miss Eva cannot see you,'—they do not sound as if they fell from her lips. I will not judge her harshly, though she is all the world to me. But of what use is it to grieve? I will mend the matter at once. I will call at her residence in the morning, and I will see her and ask an explanation of her strange conduct, as I am not aware of any offence that I have given."

* * * * * *

"Well, well, Mr. Wayne promised to call this morning. I cannot imagine what detains him," said Mr. Clifton. "The appointed hour has passed. But perhaps something has happened. I will walk down to his house and see."

Just after Mr. Clifton's departure Edgar arrived.

"Is Miss Clifton at home?" inquired he.

"She is, sir. Walk in."

He waited patiently for her appearance.

"Oh, Edgar, I am so glad you have come!" said Eva, blushing deeply.

But we will leave them and follow Mr. Clifton.

"Foolish Eva, you will never have such another chance."

While thus musing, his attention was attracted to a large crowd of persons on the opposite side, in front of Mr. Wayne's house.

He crossed over, pushed through the crowd, and, stepping to the door, inquired for Mr. Wayne.

Before the servant could answer him, two inquisitive policeman stepped up, exclaiming, "He is the very fellow we are after. Can you tell us anything of his whereabouts?"

"I cannot, sir; upon my word I cannot!" exclaimed the terrified man.

"There was a man murdered in Mr. Wayne's room last night, and then robbed of a large amount of money; and Mr. Wayne and a brother gambler are the supposed murderers!"

Not waiting to hear more, he hurried homeward, asking for Eva as soon as the door was opened.

"She has company in the parlor, sir," replied the servant; "a young gentleman, sir."

"I trust it is not Mr. Wayne. But if it is he must leave my house in peace, or be kicked out!" Opening the door he walked in; and going right up to Edgar, exclaimed, "Good morning, my boy—good morning! I am very glad to see you—extremely! Do not feel slighted, Eva, my darling!"—stooping and kissing her brow.

Eva looked at her father, then at Edgar, wondering what could have produced such a change.

Mr. Clifton's head was bowed. Eva rushed to him; and, throwing her arms around his neck, implored him to tell her what was the matter.

"My darling child—my Eva—forgive me! I have wronged you—deeply wronged you! I would have sold your life to a gambler and scoundrel! But, thank Heaven, you are saved!" He then related his story; and after he was through it, he said, "Edgar, I know you love my precious child, and she has already told me she loves you! Come here, Eva, daughter." Placing her hand in that of Edgar, he said, "Take her, Edgar. You are worthy of her; and that you may both be happy is my earnest prayer!"

Six weeks later there was a brilliant wedding at the residence of George Clifton, Esquire, and the happy bride was Eva, and the groom was the unsophisticated lawyer, Edgar St. Clair.

## Scientific and Useful.

ARTIFICIAL OAK.—Artificial oak is produced by mixing powdered cork with starch and water, and kneading the mass while boiling hot until thoroughly mixed. This substance is then poured into molds for forming the article, and afterward dried at a very high temperature. The material is said to be quite light, and to possess non-conducting properties.

SLEEPING CAR.—A new style of sleeping-car does away with some of the old features of the ordinary sleeper. The top berth does not fold up against the roof of the car but is a species of rectangular hammock, hung at the ends from partitions between the sections. These partitions, in the daytime, are lowered into a space between the backs of the seats. The lower berth is not made on the seats, but on a similar canvas hammock.

THE BIT.—There is an invention spoken of, which it is thought may abolish the bit. It is called the carriage or anti-horse torture. It is composed of a steel band placed over the front bone of the horse's nose, and to this appliance the reins is attached. The inventor claims for this substitute for the bit that it gives complete control to the driver over the horse without inflicting the least torture on the animal itself. It has been tried with satisfactory results.

HARDENING TOOLS.—The practice is common among the engravers and watchmakers of Germany of hardening their tools in sealing wax. The tool is heated to whiteness and plunged into the wax, withdrawn after an instant and plunged again, the process being repeated until the steel is too cold to enter the wax. The advantages claimed for this method are that the steel becomes almost as hard as a diamond, and, when touched with a little oil of turpentine the tools are superior for engraving and also for piercing the hardest metals.

## Farm and Garden.

THE COWS.—Don't turn the cows out during the night too early in the season. The instinct of a well-bred cow is a pretty safe guide, and so allow her to go into the stable nights as she wishes to do so. It is a singular but suggestive fact that a great many cows know vastly more than their owners, and would prove much more profitable if they could have an even chance.

TOOLS.—A story is told of an old-fashioned farmer who had an old axe and saw stolen from his shed. At first he was disconsolate, as he had the tools in use nearly fifteen years, but necessity obliged him to purchase new ones in their place. He was so much surprised at the ease with which the new tools worked that, of his own accord, with no agent urging, he went to the hardware store, purchased a new kit of all tools that he wanted and threw the others away. He had lost more value in time working with poor tools than would buy new ones twice over.

FLOWER SEEDS.—A floral catalogue says that the general rule for sowing flower seeds, as well as any other seeds, is to sow them at the proper depth; and the depth at which they are sown should in every instance be governed by the size of the seed itself. As the sprouts of small seeds are naturally small, if sown as deep as large seeds they will be either unusually long in starting, or more likely perish in the ground after sprouting, from want to sufficient strength in the young sprouts of force a passage through the soil. Very small seeds, such as portulacca, campanula, digitalis, etc., should be merely sprinkled on the surface of the ground, after making quite smooth with the back of a spade, and barely covered with finely sifted, light, mellow soil, and afterward protected from the scorching sun and heavy rains by a cloth, mat, or some green branches stuck around it.

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

**SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.**

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 5, 1884.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Lock Box 1370, Philadelphia, Pa.
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## INFLUENCE.

A great writer has truly said: "Take the history of man, from beginning to end, and we will find it to have been the biographies of great men."

There has been linked with the history of every epoch of the past, there is linked with the yet unwritten history of the present, and there will be linked with the history of every era of the future, great names which have exerted, and will exert, an influence almost boundless upon their generations.

All those who climb the ladder of fame and inscribe their names in characters of light, have not been alike great.

Some have been great as warriors—the tales of their valor revered and their memories worshipped. Some have touched their harps, while nations stood entranced. Others have spoken with an eloquence as though they had robbed the graves of Demosthenes and Tully. And others still have been great in the full, rounded perfectness of their character.

While each has been great, there has been as vast a difference between their varied greatnesses as between themselves and common men.

The difference between those who have been great in one thing, and those who have been great in their fulness, is the same as that between monstrosity and symmetry. There is a reason for the existence of every great man, a purpose for his being born into the world. This purpose is his destiny.

The mission of such men is to set examples for the more obscure to emulate; they, great and conspicuous as they are, rising as they do, like the abrupt heights of Hecla or Vesuvius, above their fellows, are the guides, leaders, and the beacons of the world.

It is their duty to give such light as will enable those following to escape the perils of the sea of life. Their influence is enormous, and with the acquisition of this influence they must assume its responsibilities.

The influence of every man is proportioned to his rank in the world, and men are respected according to the heights of power they have attained.

Where a great man is traitor to his mission, were all nature animate and vocal, its wail would but partially express the just sorrow which should be felt by all mankind.

Were every shrub and tree bound with black, and the heavens draped with mourning, the loss to the world would be but partially told when the obsequies of a great man's usefulness are performed.

Those only are truly great who are possessed of unusual capacity, and who exert it for the common good of man, such only as would sacrifice their lives for their principles, who would rather see every ambition and aspiration perish than that one honest conviction should be suppressed.

## SANCTUM CHAT.

AN order having been issued calling on "Royal" tradesmen in Great Britain to produce letters patent permitting them to use the signature, or pay the heavy penalties imposed for trading under a false title, there is considerable flutter among some of those who have been using the distinction.

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NOTHING is new under the sun; twenty years ago there was a noiseless organ which perambulated London and delighted people with its "unheard music," and now there is a pianino, or silent piano, "invented," which allows the player, and those in his immediate vicinity, to hear its discourse, but is inaudible at a little distance.

—

IT is significant of the progress of female employment in England, that the Prudential Company, one of the greatest insurance offices in the world, is now entirely served by female clerks, and that 4,358 are employed in the Government offices; but the excess of women is still so great that Lord Shaftesbury has just declared that the greatest benefit which could be conferred on England would be the emigration of from 200,000 to 300,000 women.

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IT seems to be supposed generally that a morganatic marriage is a sort of Hagar arrangement. This is a mistake. In Germany society is divided into castes. If a man of one caste marries a woman of an inferior one, the marriage, which is perfectly valid, is termed morganatic. This means that his wife and wife's children do not rise to the caste of the man. So again, if the wife is of a superior caste to the husband, the marriage is morganatic.

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A STATISTICIAN furnishes some interesting industrial data: The wealth of the United States is estimated at $50,000,000,000, that of Great Britain at $40,000,000,000. The wealth per inhabitant in the United States is $900, and in Great Britain it is $1,000. In the United States 72 parts of the wealth go to labor, 23 to capital, and 5 to Government. In Great Britain 41 parts go to labor, 36 to capital, and 23 to Government.

—

PARISIANS no longer acknowledge the word lady. With them every member of the gentle sex is a woman, while the squires of the provinces are offended if their wives are called women. It would sound strange to say the "women of the ballet" or "the women of the corps diplomatique;" but it would sound equally strange to say "a virtuous lady," or "a pretty lady." The French Academy is called on to draw the line and lay down the rules for the correct use of the disputed terms.

—

A LONDON medical paper believe that the sympathy expressed for criminals supposed to suffer pain on account of the continued action of the heart after the neck is broken in hanging, is misplaced. It cites the recent triple execution at Prague, to show that the heart may pulsate for a quarter of an hour after deaths which are shown to be instantaneous. Many cases are recorded where the heart's action has continued for a long time after complete decapitation.

—

ALL our Presidents have not been rich men by any means. General Grant's $200,000 made him the richest ex-President since Buchanan. Mr. Hayes has, perhaps, $100,000. Neither Johnson or Lincoln had over $50,000; Pierce went in the White House poor, but had about $50,000 going out; Fillmore and Taylor were in independent circumstances, but never rich; Tyler was a bankrupt when he was President, married a fortune afterward, and lost all in the war; Polk was worth $50,000; Andrew Jackson had nothing but his "Hermitage;" Adams was rich; Monroe died in debt; Jefferson had nothing to leave behind him; and Washington was very well off. Van Buren, who died worth $800,000, was the richest President we ever had.

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Is consumption an infectious disease? The results of a recent investigation by the British Medical Association give strong color to the theory that it is. Circulars were sent out to over 1,000 physicians asking for experiences and opinions in that connection; and of the number who replied a decided majority expresses a belief in the affirmative. Of the cases reported there were 192 where the disease was communicated from husband to wife, or vice versa, and in 130 of these cases the fact is distinctly noted that no family predisposition to consumption existed in the person who caught the infection.

—

THERE is a Chinese tradition which tells that, four thousand years ago, the Emperor of China was much troubled with the wretchedness and destitution of his people, many thousands of whom lived amidst scenes of squalor and brutishness. At length he became most anxious to do something to relieve the "bitter cry" of miserable and outcast China. All at once he recognized that the bad habits of the people had much to do with the bad habitations in which they were existing. The Emperor, by a wise act of authority, with a stroke of his pen closed up every liquor shop in China; and tradition records that for three days the heavens rained gold. For three days the shower of gold continued, and the people, being sober, were able to gather in the rich harvest of the bountiful skies.

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THE wife of Senator Harrison, of Indiana, has decorated eighteen china dinner-plates in a novel manner, which was wholly her own idea. On each she has painted a bird of a different species, and on the border of the plate a verse in old English text of poetry written by one of the best authors about that particular kind of bird. This not only has the merit of originality, and so excites the interest and admiration of those who see the plates, but has the further advantage, as every verse is one which has been little quoted, of suggesting topics of conversation at a dinner party when the plates are used, which is always an estimable boon on such occasions. Mrs. Harrison says she was surprised to find how much good poetry has been written about birds, which alluded to or described so many different species. She says she found verses enough to serve for another dozen plates entirely different from those she has finished.

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A NEW ORLEANS dressmaker, who employs a large force of workwomen, has behind her house a large, old-fashioned garden, in which her workwomen dig, plant, grow flowers and otherwise amuse themselves during their midday rest. Every day at 12 o'clock the girls all hurry through their lunch in order to spend the most of their hour at their healthful and fascinating recreation. Mme. H. does not require her workwomen to keep garden, but she tells them the garden is there, and they may cultivate in it anything they choose; of course, the fruits of their toil being for themselves. The lady adds that the change of work is most grateful to her seamstresses; that they work better and are better natured, and are improved in health since the garden project. She, herself, by the way, is very proud of her own patch in the "community garden." Mme. H.'s wisdom may at least give a suggestion to other employers.

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AN English writer has just published a book, the effect (if not the object) of which is to show that in England, at least, the condition of the workingman has not been improved by the advancement of the world. He accounts for some of the figures which show the contrary, by declaring that the times taken for comparison were periods of temporary depression. For all that, however, something more will be required than tables of wages and the cost of living, to upset a belief founded upon general observation, and in many cases upon personal experience. The golden age of English wage-workers, according to the author, was during the reign of Henry VIII. After that began the degradation of labor. From that time, with little exception, matters have been growing steadily worse and worse, till at last the wage of labor has become "a bare subsistence, constantly supplemented by the poor-rate." Especially is this true of farm labor, which has he taken under his particular protection.

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THE following from a German paper shows the German idea of the coming American hotel: "The latest American progress in building will be the 'mammoth hotel,' soon to be erected at St. Augustine, Fla. This enormous hotel is to have a frontage of three English miles, and a depth of six miles, the height of seventy-seven stories; will be 3,840 feet from the ground floor to the roof. The hotel will have no stairs, but five hundred balloons will always be ready to take guests up to their rooms. No room waiters are to be employed, but visitors will be served by a newly-patented automaton, put up in every bed-room. Half an hour before meals, instead of ringing bells, a gun will be fired. Music during meals will be played, gratis, by eight bands. For the convenience of visitors a railway will be built on each floor, as well as telegraph offices. The price of one bed-room will be from $1 to $10."

—

A GENTLEMAN writes to a prominent London paper: "I have recently twice crossed the Atlantic, in both instances in steamers of great tonnage and the highest speed, and I have gone down to my cabin at night to turn in, with the feeling that nothing but the Providence which sits up aloft, and, in looking after poor Jack, has to perform the same duty for passengers, could avert a fatal accident if any vessel approached ours at the same speed. Through dark, thick nights, amid blinding storms of hail, still we drove ahead at fifteen or sixteen knots (seventeen or eighteen miles) an hour, with the most reckless disregard of what we might chance to meet. It is true that every known precaution was taken, lookout men on both sides forward, and the officers most vigilant; but still I contend that with vessels of such immense length it would have been absolutely impossible to sheer out of the way of a vessel lying to under close reef, or a steamer coming end on."

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DOZING, says a medical journal, is not admissable from any reasonable or healthful point of view. The brain is the first to fall asleep, and is followed by the active organs; and it is only perfect and natural when shared by all the several parts of the organism. All the parts of the system are not equally exhausted, and those least fatigued soonest awake, while those most exhausted are aroused with the greatest difficulty. The several parts of the organism should need rest at the same time. To bring this about, a person should "awake early and feel ready to rise; this fair and equal start of the sleepers should be secured, and a wise self-manager should not allow a drowsy feeling of the consciousness, or weary senses, or an exhausted system to beguile him into the folly of going to sleep again when once his consciousness has been aroused." The writer declares that a man who will not allow himself to doze, will, in a few days, find himself almost unconsciously "an early riser."

—

SOUTHERN travelers tell most incredible stories of the extravagance and improvidence of the negroes. They take as little thought of the future as grasshoppers or butterflies. The other day a negro, just paid off from long work on the railroad with $20, came into a store, and, after buying a silk handkerchief for a dollar, turned round and bought a $14 dollar trunk to put it in. "I have it on good authority," says a correspondent, "that a negro, after buying a high silk hat too small for him, invested the balance of his funds in eleven pairs of white kid gloves—the entire stock on hand—which caught his eye and happened to please his fancy. After Christmas time I saw at a station a group, who, their holiday ended, were going to distribute themselves for work along the line of the railroad. Many a one without shoes wore a silk hat, and the greater part of them, dressed in dilapidated shirts and trousers, carried what else they had of clothes in bran-new russet leather nickel-plated traveling bags."

### IN THE AFTER-GLOW.

BY E. F. D

We ope the gate in the after-glow,
  Which follows the sun's fierce heat,
And we walk together in a row,
Just as we used in the long ago,
  Exchanging our secrets sweet.

We walk and talk, May, Lettice, and I,
  On subjects nearest the heart;
Just as the birds in the summer fly,
Thinking of nothing but earth and sky,
  And the dell where the daisies start.

A stranger meets us on the hill
  Which cuts off the dim old lane;
He sees Lettice, and, stopping, stands still
Where the sunshine falls across the rill
  And burns in a crimson flame.

They both clasp hands, and then turn away,
  Conversing in whispers low,
Leaving the shadows cold and gray,
Like fairy imps in the dark to play
  With that trembling after-glow.

We chatter no longer, May and I,
  Our gay, careless tongues are still;
A tear creeps into her downcast eye,
While into my heart there steals a sigh,
  And the night is strangely chill.

I wonder which is the worst to bear?
  To have loved and lost, like May?
Or, like me, laughed at sly Cupid's snare,
Oft made of meshes of silken hair
  And a bright eye's dancing ray?

When the pale moon lights the dimpling sea,
  And the twinkling stars burn low,
We come together again, we three,
But our thoughts we lay most tenderly
  In the dead past's after-glow.

## His Gratitude.

BY J. CLEGG.

HE came slouching through the rustic side gate, and up the gravel walk, gay with borders of vivid autumn blossoming—his rags fluttering in the gusty wind, a sorry hat pulled over his eyes—his haggard face half buried in a torrent of wild, shaggy beard.

The wretched remnant of a coat, buttoned close under his chin, hid the pitiful lack of linen underneath; the searching October sunshine singled him out, and showed him at his worst, and on every visible vestige of the man was stamped the brand of abject want, starvation, and hopeless vagabondism.

He shuffled on towards the rear of the rambling farmhouse, his broken shoes clattering on the crisp gravel, his restless black eyes on a sullen, furtive watch for savage dogs—evidently he was so used to be set upon, and browbeaten, and driven from pillar to post, that he had come to look for little else.

Screened by the billowy glories of a riotous multa-flora, a slender, tawny-haired maid of thirteen, busied with a basket, peeped through the leaf-curtained window of the wide kitchen with startled blue eyes, at the sudden warning of Aunt Dorinda's shrill-keyed voice, uplifted in expostulation more forcible than polite—

"Get off that step with your mud, you nasty tramp.

"I declare, it is enough to try the patience of Job; and 'Tura this minute through with the week's cleaning.

"You tramps are good for nothing under the canopy but traipsing the country, and pestering the public with your whining."

Poor Dorinda—who boasted a microscopic eye for dirt and disorder in any shape—cherished a dire antipathy for all "tramps," from the luckless peddler, whose evil star beguiled him to incur the lash of her invincible tongue, down to the abject wretches content to starve upon the public bounty.

The forlorn creature got meekly off the step, and stood with drooping plumage, stoically awaiting a lull in the wordy tempest.

"I beg pardon, ma'am," a deep, mellow voice ventured, deprecatingly.

"I am looking for work, and hoped you might give me a job, and pay me with a morsel of food. I—I—am faint with hunger."

"And serves you right, for a shiftless, shirking lazy bones, I have no doubt," struck in the irate spinster.

"A pretty specimen you be, to come asking decent folks for work.

"I've no work, and no victuals for you, nor the likes of you, a begging, thieving pack."

"Madam," the voice answered, with sullen dignity, "I am starving, but I could not steal.

"Only, for the love of Heaven, give me some light task, and I will gladly earn a crust.

"I cannot go farther without food."

"You can't, eh?" interrupted Dorinda, wrathfully. "We'll see about that. Here, Teaser."

"Aunt," called the sweet voice of Ismay Hollis—the little maid with tawny locks and big innocent blue eyes, like forget-me-nots; "please, aunt, send the poor man into the kitchen; I will give him some breakfast."

"Hold your tongue, Ismay, and get them apples sorted. Send him into the kitchen. Just catch me at it. You clear right out, you tramping fellow; don't let me find you here when I come back."

And with a gesture of awful import the elderly termagant skurried away to the next room.

The hollow eyes of the vagrant glowed hungrily as the delicious aroma of home-made loaves and flaky pies was wafted from the open kitchen door-way.

Pretty Ismay saw from her snug ambush of leaves and blossoms, the grimy hands clutch eagerly, the white teeth glitter wolfishly behind his dusky beard.

But curbing the fierce impulse that prompted him to rush forward and snatch a morsel from the tempting plenty within his reach, he turned dejectedly away.

"Poor man," said a low voice at his elbow, and the troubled blue eyes of little Ismay, full of soft pity as some compassionate angel's, looked shyly up from a tumbled mass of curls. "Poor man, you are very hungry, aren't you? See, I have got you some breakfast. I'm afraid it was wicked, but I—I—had to take it without asking leave. I was so sorry when 'Inda turned you away hungry."

And the red lips quivered, and two big tears fell down and consecrated the stolen alms proffered from the dainty filled apron.

"God bless your pretty face, my sweet," the tramp said huskily. "I can't refuse the food, for I am starving. But, little Blossom, I'm none the less sorry you should trouble your white conscience for a wretch like me."

She looked at him wistfully.

"I think God has forgiven me, I asked him to. He used to feed the hungry, and heal the sick. And here is the gold coin papa gave me the Christmas before mamma died. There is a hole through it, you see; I used to wear it on my neck, but I don't care for it now," she added, generously, as the rough hand gently pushed the gold aside.

"Indeed it is mine—I may give it away if I choose. Please take it—to buy bread tomorrow," she implored. "Aunt is calling me; go and eat your breakfast down at the spring; yonder it is, under the big tree at the foot of the lane. No one will disturb you there, and aunt might turn black Teaser loose if she knew I had taken the food. Go; quick, please, she is coming."

She thrust the tiny, glittering coin into his reluctant palm, and sped away, her tawny curls flying, her motions swift and graceful as some startled bird's, her sweet childish treble answering Dorinda's shrill summons; and gulping down something very like a sob, the vagabond slunk through the gate, and disappeared behind the hedge that screened the path to the spring.

* * * * * * *

"Why—where upon earth——"

Dorinda Skinner paused in horrified astonishment before her desecrated household altars—otherwise, the depleted pantry shelves—whence a goodly portion of the fruits of her day's labor had surreptitiously and mysteriously disappeared.

"Ismay," she called sharply: "put away that paper, and come in here to me."

Poor Ismay reluctantly laid aside her book, and with flushing cheeks went tremblingly into judgment.

"Stop twisting the corners of your apron, Ismay Hollis, and answer me this minute. Did you leave this pantry door unlocked at any time to-day?"

"No, aunt; I locked it as you bade me."

"Then what, miss, may I ask, has become of the currant loaf, the pie, and the rolls? The cat cannot have devoured them, neither have they flown through the window."

"No, aunt. Oh, aunt, I took them for the poor soul you turned away this morning."

The portentous frown on Dorinda's brow grew black as night.

"You dare to tell me that you stole the pastry to feed that thieving beggar."

"It was not stealing," cried Ismay, hotly. "Hollis-Hope is papa's, and he wouldn't mind. The poor man was starving; and I am not sorry I did it, either," she added, valiantly.

"Very well, miss," nodded her aunt, white with rage. "Wait until your father comes home to-night. He shall hear of your high-handed doings, I promise you.

"In the meantime, take that candle and walk to bed. I'm going over to Belinda Hixley's about that star quilt pattern. And to make sure you don't get into further mischief, I'll just turn the key in your door. So march, Miss Impudence."

* * * * * * *

"Fire! fire!"

With a shock and a gasp the dark something huddled under Hollis' hay rick starts up from terror-haunted dreams and peers stealthily out into the darkness.

A sinister red glow flickers fitfully in the gloom.

Hark!

The skulking spectre, from which he slinks and flies by day and night, is on his track.

"Fire! fire!"

The shrill scream pierces the night silence sharply—caught up and hoarsely re-echoed in the distance.

A rapid thud of flying hoofs came dully on the wind.

And suddenly a lurid glare spouts heavenward, crimsoning earth and sky.

Strangling a fierce exclamation, that is half a prayer, the lurking vagabond launches himself straight as an arrow for the blazing beacon on yonder slope.

Mr. Hollis, galloping across fields—clearing gates and ditches in the wild, desperate haste of terror—has nearly ridden him down.

But he is up and away again, and ride as he may, the farmer is not the first to reach the burning walls of Hollis-Hope.

Smoke and flame are bursting from threshold and roof-tree.

The whole main building is a roaring, exultant volcano.

"For God's sake come on!" shouts the farmer, hoarsely, fighting his way through showering sparks and tumbling brands to the rear of the burning homestead.

The wary, keen-eyed personage in official blue, who has ridden with him from the village, is at his elbow.

But the wild, flying figure is there before them.

Out of the blinding smoke breaks a distraught creature, tossing her arms aloft, and shrieking with pain and terror.

Hollis clutches the madwoman fiercely.

"Where is my child—my Ismay?" he pants.

But Dorinda can only point shudderingly upwards, her face distorted with awful, wordless fear.

The entire ground-floor of Hollis-Hope is a turmoil of surging flame.

The roof and out walls, facing southward, are yet intact, though the trellis is kindling here and there, and the sturdy old ivy writhes in the fervent heat.

With a horrible groan the frantic father seeks to hurl himself within the blazing portals, but strong hands seize him and hold him back from certain death.

What human aid can avail the hapless one shut up within those raging furnace walls?

Hark!

A great shout from the rapidly-gathering multitude.

Far up, beneath the kindling eaves, behind yon ivy-bowered window, a white vision of childish beauty and terror gleams for a breath, and is gone.

And far up the stone facade, clinging to vine and trellis, and climbing lithely and swiftly as a panther, toils a dark figure up and up.

It grasps the broad stone window-ledge at last, gripping with desperate strength some friendly projection, while a fierce blow topples the stout sash inward.

With an agile leap the dark shape follows, and is swallowed up in the stifling, smoke-veiled dimness.

But only for a moment.

Out of the darkness it flits again, pursued by arrowy tongues of fire, with something limp and white clasped to its laboring breast.

He springs to the wide stone sill, and stands full in the glare of the conflagration.

"By Heaven! it is Trapeze Tom!" a voice cries, excitedly.

And then the multitude watch him and the great ladder that trusty hands are rearing against the wall.

For a moment he hovers on the crumbling verge of destruction, deftly and rapidly muffling some heavy fabric about the frail form that nestles within his arm.

There is a dull crash—a whirlwind of flame roars up.

He crouches and cowers as a billow of fire rolls over him and recedes again.

Then, carefully shielding his helpless charge, he drops from his perilous perch, and, step by step, toils down the ladder of death.

"Tom Hylton, alias Trapeze Tom, ex-acrobat and incendiary, broke gaol a year ago. Been dodgin', ever since. But he's settled his score, and atoned for his crimes like a man."

The keen-eyed official lifts his hat, and stands uncovered as they lay him down.

The lurid spectre of that bygone crime, dogging his vagrant steps by day and night has hunted him down at last.

They lower him softly.

He is only a vagabond tramp, with the brand of crime upon him, but the smoke-grimed hands that touch him, the bearded faces that bend above him are tender and pitiful.

The red warning of daybreak trembles rosily in the east, but for him the eternal darkness is gathering fast.

"Oh, papa, take me to him. They say that he is dying—and he gave his life for mine."

At sound of that silver-sweet voice a beautiful smile lights up the disfigured face, the heavy lids lift a little.

Ismay, kneeling beside him, weeps bitterly at sight of the flame-scarred forehead and unseeing eyes.

"How are you feeling now, my brave fellow?" the farmer asks, huskily.

But the pale lips only answer—

"She was like my little sister—dead long ago—and she was kind to me."

The fluttering lids are quiet—the stillness of peace enfolds him, and his skulking and tramping are ended for ever.

## The Coiner's Wife.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

"HARRY is coming home," Aunt Ruth said when she had read the letter Miss Braithe had brought her.

"You will like Harry, I'm sure. Everybody does. I wish he'd settle down. I've often told him so, and he'd laugh and say he was going to when he found the woman he wanted.

"The woman who shares Harry Leighton's home will, indeed, be fortunate, if she knows how to appreciate a home and a true heart."

Miss Braithe looked away, with a sigh, and a shadow deepening in her eyes.

Harry Leighton came home a few days after his letter.

Miss Braithe, coming home from her day's drudgery at the little schoolhouse, saw a young man sitting on the veranda at Ruth's feet, and knew that the nephew of whom she had heard so much had come.

"Harry, this is Miss Braithe," Ruth said, as she came up the steps.

He rose and gave her his hand with an ease of manner that put aside any restraint or formality.

He was a decidedly handsome, frank-faced man, and commanded her respect at once.

It was a very pleasant evening that they passed together.

He had read much, and could talk of what he had seen and read in a very entertaining way.

Miss Braithe felt that her new friend was rather superior to the average of men she knew.

That was the beginning of a pleasant friendship.

I think neither of them dreamed, at first, of its ripening into anything more than friendship.

But Ruth, with keen eyes, saw that Harry was in love at last, with the quiet-faced little teacher who never told them anything of her past life.

Whatever it had been, Ruth was sure of one thing—it had held some very painful and bitter experiences, and their shadow was over her yet, and their memory still haunted her.

"Don't you know anything about her?" asked Harry, one day.

"Only what I have told you," answered Ruth. "She came here; she said she wanted to get away from the city.

"I'm sure she's seen plenty of sorrow; but she's got a good face. It's a pure face, and I have perfect faith in her, if she doesn't choose to take me into her confidence."

That night Harry told Miss Braithe that he loved her.

She tried to stop him.

Her face was pale, and the shadow in her eyes deepened visibly.

"You ought not to have told me this," she cried. "Or, instead, I ought not to have listened.

"If I had been frank with your aunt, as I ought to have been when I came here, it would have saved us this. I have deceived you both."

"Deceived us?" repeated Harry.

"Yes; I am a—wife."

She put her head in her hands, and wept like a child.

Harry stood there in silent pain and surprise.

"I want to tell you my story briefly," she said. "You have a right to know it, and when you have heard it, you may not think harshly of me.

"I was a child—a mere child—when I was married to Richard Braithe. My father, whose will had always been my law, forced me into the marriage.

"I always was afraid of the man whose name I bore. There was something sinister and crafty in his face and ways, and he was cruel to me from the first.

"I don't think he ever cared for me; but I had some money that came to me from my mother, and he wanted that.

"Through some influence over my father, he got him to favor his suit, and my youth was made miserable by the marriage that was worse to me than death.

"Richard Braithe was a gambler and a spendthrift, and my money was gone in a little while.

"Then he began to go down in the world, deeper and deeper in disgrace every day.

"I suspected, after a little, that he was engaged in some dishonest business, and, as time went on, I found out what it was. He was a member of a gang of counterfeiters.

"How he cursed me when he knew that I held his secret. He beat me till I thought he was going to kill me in his brutal frenzy. But I could not find death so easily.

"One day he came home, in a wild hurry and excitement, livid with rage. He swore that I had betrayed them.

"The officers were on his track. In vain I protested my innocence. He struck me, and I fell to the floor insensible.

"I knew nothing for hours after that. When I regained consciousness, they told me that he had been captured, and was in jail awaiting his trial.

"He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary for fifteen years, and there he is to-day.

"He swore he would kill me if he ever got out of his cell and could find me. He thinks I gave him up to justice; but I did not.

"That is my story. It is true, every word of it. They will tell you so, if you will take the trouble to ask.

"When I came here your aunt thought I called myself Miss Braithe, and I thought it would be of no use to correct the mistake she had fallen into. If I had, it might have saved us this."

"My poor, poor darling," Harry said, tenderly, with his eyes full of tears; "if you can bear what you have borne and have to bear, I ought to bear the burden that the loss of you will be to me, without any murmuring.

"I love you, and I shall never love any other woman. But if I cannot have you, I can keep the thought of you in my heart, and some time, it may be, the shadow will lift, and then I can claim you, and help to make your life what it ought to be; for I know you love me. I have read that in your eyes."

Then he bent down his head and kissed her.

"Yes, I love you," she sobbed. "That will make the burden heavier—or lighter—which?"

Her eyes looked far away through the tears that filled them.

"It is not long till Heaven, and these crooked paths will be straightened there."

* * * * * * *

The train was waiting for the men and women who had been somewhere and were going somewhere.

Do you believe in fate?

If you do, perhaps you will say it was waiting for Richard Braithe.

Harry Leighton leaned out of the carriage window, and wondered why they were not starting.

The platforms were empty.

There were no passengers to get in.

A house and cry attracted his notice.

He looked that way and saw a man coming towards the station at the top of his speed, pursued by two other men, a little distance in the rear.

At that moment the train began to move.

On—on came the man who was flying from his pursuers—on like the wind.

The train was moving quite swiftly now.

The man gave a leap, and grasped the door of a carriage.

There was a sudden lurch of his body.

And then he went down beneath the wheels of the serpent Juggernaut, and a cry of horror went up from his pursuers.

The train was stopped as soon as possible.

But the man who had made one grand and mighty effort to escape from the danger of capture, was a mangled mass of flesh.

He had escaped by the way of death.

"Who was he?" Harry Leighton asked, turning away, sick and faint.

"Richard Braithe, the counterfeiter," one of the officers answered. "He was transported for fifteen years, and effected his escape."

* * * * * * *

And so the shadow lifted.

Death brought freedom and peace, after storm and sorrow.

It is always thus.

Out of death life is born.

And Harry Leighton's wife, contrasting the old life with the new wonders if earth ever held a happier heart than hers.

But her happiness is chastened by the shadow that ended in death, and it is purer and sweeter for the memory of what she suffered in the years gone by.

## Nellie the Dangerous.

BY E. LINWOOD SMITH.

Very well; wait till she comes, girls, that is all," quoth I, amidst general flutterings and feminine outcries of indignation.

It was in the cozy old house at Newbury, cold enough too, we found it there, but Mrs. Hayden only kept up the better fires, and we had a better excuse for gathering about them.

There were Lou and Vivia—and I need not say to any friend of theirs, after that, that Doctor Guy, and Philip also, were every evening on our horizon—my respectable self, Bell Stanley, and Otto Winstanley.

It was just after dinner and we were all in the library; Vivia was sitting near me, as I think the little puss was fond of doing, reading out to me, here and there, a line from "Geraldine's Courtship" that happened to please her, and occasionally casting a side glance over at Philip, who looked half jealous; Lou was teaching Doctor Guy to crochet, with the drollest little pursed-up face imaginable; Bell and Otto were playing chess, and also if I am not much mistaken, flirtation; Mrs. Hayden and Polly were doing over a couple of neighbors' characters; and I, having read Nellie Middleton's letter, had brought down on myself a general storm of indignation for warning them to look out—the men for their hearts, the girls for their lovers; in reply to which I made the answer with which this story commences, and was put down by Bell Stanton, who, I think, has small notion of having Otto interfered with.

"Girls, Mr. Martial is simply teasing us. I have seen Nellie Middleton.

"Last winter Victor Melton showed her to me at church, and asked me if I didn't think she was a 'stunner.'

"I said if 'stunner' meant pretty, no. She has no particular complexion (Bell's pink and white cheeks were her forte), and I am sure she is still. She looked as stiff as a ramrod."

So I contented myself with quoting to Vivia, "Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad."

And Vivia said softly, "Dear Mr. Martial, is she really so very pleasing?"

"She really is."

"Do you like her?"

"Yes; I can't help it."

"Why is she so very beautiful?"

"Not so very beautiful; or, rather, that is not her chief attraction. She is lively, but I think what makes her so irresistible is her appreciativeness."

"I don't understand."

"My dear child, Nellie Middleton is not a coquette—at least in the ordinary acceptation of the term.

"She has an exceeding desire to be liked, to be petted; to be something more than a mere acquaintance of those whom she admires.

"She is a general favorite among women, unless they chance to be jealous of her—though how she manages that, doubtless you will soon be able to tell better than I; but with men she has the art of finding out the thing you specially desire to shine in and to appreciate you in that thing.

"For instance keen little thing that she is, she discovered what my wife don't know yet, that I am not very proud of my scribbling—think it, in fact, very poor stuff indeed; but I like to be considered as a man of fine taste, and keen preceptions and sympathies.

"It didn't take Nellie more than three times to find that, and she is always appealing to those supposed qualities.

"I knew perfectly all the time she was playing with me; that it is only her way of making herself agreeable; that she isn't overwhelmingly anxious for my approval; that she isn't occupied when away from me in picturing to herself all my good and winning qualities; and yet I like it.

"When she is looking at me in her soft, appealing way, she can twist me round her finger."

Vivia gave a little sigh.

"And so you say she is coming this afternoon?"

"Yes; she will be here to supper."

Notwithstanding indignation, and protestations of disbelief in Nellie's power, I think the girls were a little uneasy.

Bell truly looked superb; her bright golden hair and brilliant complexion contrasting with the deep blue of her dress.

Vivia nestled up to Philip closer than usual, and I am quite sure that I heard her whispering as I passed through the music-room. "Do you think you will always love me, Philip?"

Only Lou, saucy, insouciante child as she is, disdained to be uneasy—stood firm in her belief in her own attractions and bright faith.

Nellie was invisible till the evening. Then she came, dressed simply enough in black—a very pretty girl, fair, but not blonde, with brown hair, brushed away from the wide, calm forehead; gray, cheerful eyes, and a face in general outline of feature not all together unlike that of Marie Stuart.

She was quiet almost silent. The girls looked at one another as who should say, "Is this the paragon whom we were to dread?" and arched brows and pursed-up mouths in pretty contempt at me, not seeing, as I did, that Nellie was simply taking their gauge and a survey of her position.

She felt instinctively a certain stand-offishness assumed towards her by the feminine element, and set herself to combat it. found in less than a week a hundred ways of being useful and entertaining.

She was skillful in devising ways in which to afford the girls tete-a-tetes with their respective "particulars;" behaved in short, more like a grandmother than a belle of twenty; won them all over, even including Bell, who seemed to like her grudgingly and under protest, and then was ready for action.

During her week of quiescence there had been, though she had appeared unconscious of the fact, masculine observers.

They had seen that she was not only lovely, but after that piquant fashion which depends much on expression, and keeps you busy studying it.

She sang sweetly, played well, conversed delightfully, had a keen eye and soft touch; grew on you, in short; strengthened her hold upon you day by day.

One thing, however, puzzled me—an unusual languor, almost timidity, in Nellie, and Otto Winstanley's almost incomprehensible conduct.

He had joined in none of the conversation anticipatory of her arrival; and when she was presented, there was a start and sudden paleness on Nellie's part and a sudden dark upleaping of color and feeling to his face, as he muttered something about a previous acquaintance.

I think no one else observed this, or the fact that his indolent flirtation with Bell glowed with sudden and unaccountable ardor since Nellie's arrival.

Perhaps, also, no one else remarked that he certainly treated Miss Middleton with downright rudeness and neglect, or thought to ask themselves if a man was apt to be rude and neglectful towards a sweet and winning girl to whom he was perfectly indifferent.

But be that as it might, two slow weeks went, and I saw no more clearly into the mystery than I had done at first.

But one evening came Nellie, and sat down beside in the twilight.

She sat very still, looked even paler than usual, and I caught myself pitying her, but at a loss how to manifest it, I remained silent.

Presently she heaved a little sigh, which gave me an excuse for asking what was the matter.

"Oh, nothing; only I am tired—not physically, but mentally.

"This is a very unsatisfactory life. Don't you think so?"

"That depends."

"Well, I have found it so. The only things that are worth having are out of one's reach.

"Walls of paper, barriers of air, separate more insurmountably than brass and adamant.

"Energy can conquer matter, but what human will is strong enough to do battle with pride and prejudice?"

"You are right in general, but I don't know how you would apply all this."

"I believe I have not applied it."

"I beg your pardon!"

After that we were silent, till Otto strolled in, and, giving me a brief nod, sat down and began playing with Jup the terrier.

Having a vague idea that Nellie might be inclined to be more specific with him than me, I made Mrs. Polly do someone a good turn, for one of the few times in her life, and getting up a fiction about being wanted, left them alone.

What afterwards occurred I have from the best best authority—Nellie herself.

They sat in the fast-growing twilight, memories busy at the heart of each; pride struggling with a feeling that, during those weeks, had fast been growing too strong for it.

Nellie with bowed head and swimming eyes; Otto watching her, with face softening in spite of himself.

Suddenly Nellie rose, with an air of desperation; and, brushing past Otto, went over to the piano.

As she reached it something rang out sharply—a click, as of something metallic that had struck on the marble hearth.

Nellie exclaimed. Otto stopped to pick up something that shone in the red firelight just at his feet.

She moved forward, as if paralyzed, as he held up a ring—a simple little thing—only a plain gold circlet, bearing some words engraved on it, hanging from a chain attached to a hook, like a watch-guard.

Otto looked alternately at it and Nellie, who stood by him, crimson and speechless.

"You have kept this all this time, Nellie?"

Nellie was silent.

"Why did you keep it?"

"I wanted something to wear on the chain, and I don't carry my watch."

"Oh! I thought perhaps you cared something for it, after all!"

"You thought differently when we were last together."

"I had reason."

"That is your assertion."

"Answer, then. I ask you to judge yourself.

"Had I not reason? Would not any man have been justified in being incensed and out raged at your conduct?"

"I was very young, very thoughtless. I never dreamed that you really cared. It was pleasant to talk and fret, and I liked to vex you, for the pleasure of the reconcilement."

"A strange pleasure, that was pleased with the pain it inflicted on what it loved the best.

"A strange thoughtlessness, that permitted me no freedom, but claimed an unbounded liberty for yourself!"

"You have said all those things once!" returned Nellie, with some dignity. "And it was painful enough to bear them once."

"I had no intention of reproaching you," answered Otto; "for out of the bitterness of the heart, my mouth spoke.

"It is so miserable to look at you, and think and think what might have been, and how now we are hopelessly separated."

"Otto," said Nellie timidly, "don't you think we might be friends?

"You need not treat me quite as an enemy.

"If you have suffered, so do I; and you cannot think what a pain it is to see the eyes that once were my light look so coldly on me.

"It makes me wretched. Let us, at least, be friends."

Otto looked at her earnestly, took her hand and drew her towards him.

Half unconsciously she sank down on the little stool at his feet, her head close to his hand, that, following its old habitude, began to stroke the soft bright hair. Presently.—

"No!" said Otto, firmly. "We can never be friends."

"You are unforgiving."

"Very. I will not bate an atom of my just rights. I must and will have you for my wife, as you once promised me to be, or nothing. Mere cool friendship will not satisfy me."

"And I was not very obstinate," concluded Nellie, archly, "as that was precisely why I came, knowing that he was here."

I have their wedding-cards before me now.

And now I am going to whisper in the public what I then thought—

Nellie dropped that ring on purpose.

## Winning The Game.

BY F. R. NELSON.

YOUR move, Mr. Stanley; and, if you observe, your queen is in danger."

"If I lose her, I may yet win another."

"Not at your rate of playing, sir. You would have to advance a pawn——"

"Pardon, Miss Chiswick, but do I play the game badly? The loss is mine. I would play better, if I could. Teach me how, Miss Chiswick."

"I will take you through this one move, but I fear you do not attend to my instructions.

"My bishop may be removed by your knight, which, however, is at once sacrificed by my rook, which commands that square, if I choose to take him."

"Thank you. I take your bishop, then, and offer you this knight, emblem of myself."

"I am not obliged to take him."

"No; but I hope you will not reject him."

A short pause, while the dark, rich face of the young lady bends studiously over the glittering board of mother-of-pearl and pink cornelian, while the pallid, russet bearded face of the gentleman quivers and waxes pater yet.

"Not obliged to take him," murmurs the lady again, her white hand hovering over the minute field of war.

"In fact, if I do, you, you will then win the game, in spite of all your bad play, so——"

"Take him—pray, pray do!" almost whispered her adversary.

Miss Chiswick's hand descends on her rook, and twirling it undecidedly, she lifts her eyes with a look of surprise and questioning to Mr. Stanley's.

"Are you so very anxious to win a game of chess?" asks she.

He looks at her silently.

That "white flush," as the poet has aptly called it, is drifting over his countenance.

In his eyes there is a look which no woman can misunderstand.

"This is but the emblem of another," he says, at last, in a low, but intensely passionate tone.

The lady drops her eyes and ponders.

Her gay smile has faded; there is a troubled frown faintly carved upon her smooth brow.

"We will consider this a draw game," she says, very quietly; "and instead of playing another, I will, if you choose, tell you a story. It will amuse and—and instruct you."

Pale and hopeless, Mr. Stanley leans upon the shining chess-table with his eyes half-shaded by his hand.

With a quick glance at his dejected attitude, and a deepening of the troubled frown, the lady speaks—

"Have you ever been at Baden-Baden? But of course you have; who has not? Do you remember 'Die Hohe Felsen,'" and 'Das Alte Schloss,' on the side of the hill, and how the road winds down into the valley through the Black Forest, with the lovely village lying beneath?

"Some years ago I was spending a few months at Baden with my mother"—she glances at her black garment with a heavy sigh—"who was ordered there to drink the waters.

One afternoon we had driven up to the 'Alte Schloss' and while my mother rested there, I climbed up above to see 'Hohe Felsen.'

"You know they are within ten minutes walk of the castle, and I never dreamed of danger.

"However, I was mistaken. It was so early in the season that the forest was not swarming with tourists and pleasure parties—in fact, it seemed quite deserted.

"I sat down at the foot of one of the rocks, and was soon lost in contemplation of the sublime view below.

"It was not long before I heard voices, and before I could rise from the sort of niche which I had chosen, two rough-looking Frenchman flung themselves upon the moss within six feet of me, and all unaware of my presence, began to discuss a plot which caused me to tremble with horror.

"It appeared from their conversation that a certain baron was becoming celebrated in the Kursaal for his unprecedented run of luck at the gaming tables, that, in fact, the bankers had that day entreated him to seek some other field where to pursue his successes, as they were well-nigh ruined; that he I was in consequence, going to leave Baden-Baden, and should drive through the Black Forest on his way to Freiburg, starting at midnight.

"The plan of the two robbers (for to my terror I discovered them to be nothing else) was to waylay the baron's carriage near the 'Alte Schloss," demand his money, and if he resisted to back his horses over the precipice, and descending after the wreck, help themselves to the plunder.

"It was not without much wrangling, however, that they finally agreed upon this friendly course of action, and meantime I crouched in my nook, quaking lest they should discover me, while the sun sank low, and the music from the 'Conversation-haus Gardens' stole up on the breeze, warning me that it was time for mother to be at 'Trinkhalle' for her draught of water, and that she must even now be in a state of great disquietude concerning my long absence.

"I think I have told you my mother died of heart-disease, and that for years before her death, our great aim was preserve her from every mental shock.

"Imagine, then, my anxiety to return to her and to return safely.

"So urgent did this necessity become, that at length I rose, and determined to slip away so softly that they should not perceive me.

"I had not gone many paces, however, when an angry exclamation from one of them warned me that I was discovered.

"I rushed down the path at the top of my speed, without looking behind; but I heard their heavy feet close on my heels, and knew that did they but lay a finger on me, my life was gone.

"Scarcely had this last thought shaped itself in my mind, when my foot slipped, and I stumbled to my knees.

"The next moment I was in their hands.

"'Spy!' hissed one, furiously; 'who sent you here?'

"If I had had any presence of mind, I would have feigned ignorance of French; but I began to implore their mercy, and to explain how I happened to be alone on the 'Hohe Felsen.'

"'Throw her over the rocks,' muttered one of the wretches, 'or she'll alarm the whole duchy before morning. That will be the safest plan.'

"They threw one of their cloaks over my head, and began to drag me back to the 'High Rocks' despite my frenzied struggles. All at once there was a crashing among the fallen branches, and while a soft, strong hand caught mine, a threatening voice cried out in English, my own blessed tongue—

"'Unhand her, you villians! or I'll shoot you through the heads.'

"I was whirled in the grasp of a stranger

to his back, and before I could tear the cloak from my head the sharp report of a pistol told me that he was as good as his word. When I could see, I found them all engaged in a fierce melee, while my deliverer, a fair-haired young Englishman, cried frantically—

"'Fly, madam, to the Alte Schloss—fly.'

"You may be sure I obeyed him. In five minutes I had reached the old castle, and was telling a party of French tourists, who had just arrived, of the combat going on.

"My mother was wild with alarm.

"She had heard the report of the pistol, and saw with terror my pale face and disordered appearance.

"I calmed her as well as I could, saying I had lost the path, and then I hurried her into the carriage, and we drove down to Baden-Baden in hot haste, lest news of my peril might reach her ears.

"That night I told my adventure to the councillor, and committed to his care a letter, expressing my gratitude to my brave deliverer, when he should make himself known.

"We left Baden-Baden the next morning, a telegram for home requiring our immediate presence there; and so I never met again the fair-haired Englishman. But he did a heroic thing—did he not?"

"He could scarcely do less, could he?" replies Mr. Stanley, with a deep red satin in each thin cheek.

Miss Chiswick marks the grudging praise, the flushed cheek, and her face grows stern.

"That man live in my memory," she says, with cold distinctness, while her large eyes deepen and glow. "He is the one hero whom I have met—the one man whom I would wed."

"Would you?" murmurs Mr. Stanley, and he laughs incredulously, while his lips quiver, as if in scorn.

"At least," says the lady, goaded into hostility by his scant generosity, "while that man's noble courage lives in my heart, I will never love a lesser hero.

"I shall remain faithful to his memory for ever."

"Perhaps if you met him, you would not love him," remarks Mr. Stanley.

"Ah, that I should. If he were the poorest, plainest, and humblest man on earth, he would still be my hero."

"But, if you did not know he was your hero—if he loved you madly, neither knowing you had ever met each other before——"

"Oh, if he would only love me!" sighs Miss Chiswick, clasping her hands, while a rich flush bathes her yearning face. "I could never—never mistake him."

"Then your heart must sometimes have pleaded for—me," murmurs her companion, a strange light in his eyes.

"For you! Oh, sir, why are you so cruel? Have I not told you this story because I esteem you [illegible]——"

"Miss Chiswick, your hero got the letter, but after weeks of illness. The pistol-shot which you heard was not fired by him, but by one of the robbers, and it pierced through the neck, placing his life in danger for ten weeks.

"When he shouted to you to fly, it was because he felt himself falling.

"He was found alone and insensible by the tourists whom you sent to help him.

"He has never been strong or like a hero since, though I think his heart is the same; and I fear he will never inspire love in any one's soul again—indeed you yourself have said so."

This speech, in low, hurried sentences, is over.

Mr. Stanley stops, tears in his eyes, and turns his face away.

Miss Chiswick is eyeing him wonderingly, speechlessly.

Her dark face is white as his own, but she takes his trembling hands, and presses them in hers, while her pale lips smile.

"Your letter, you will know it again?" breathes Mr. Stanley, and gently withdrawing his hand, he takes from his pocket a memorandum book and from its leaves selects a sheet of dainty writing, which he places before her.

"Was [illegible] did not know the man, and could not love him, though he loves you madly."

And he tries to smile cheerfully, though there is a spasm of pain on his too delicate face.

"Nay," cries Miss Chiswick, a hot flame shooting over her velvet cheeks; "if you are my hero, I love you, and would have loved you long ago but for my constancy to yourself."

"Oh, my dear one, is this true?"

"Ah, yes, Mr. Stanley. But where is our game of chess? I take your knight, lo, and there! you have won the game."

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## Agnes.

BY HARTLEY RICHARDS.

"COME, Miss Agnes, or your lunch'll be cold as a stone."

As the kind old housekeeper looked into the room, her face took on an anxious expression as she saw the bowed young head, and heard the smothered sobs of the mistress of whom she was so unceasingly fond.

"What is it, dear? Did the letter bring bad news? Tell me all about it, and maybe the telling of your trouble'll make it easier to bear."

Agnes raised her head, and looked at Mrs. Willard in a dazed sort of way for an instant. Then, with an effort, she controlled herself sufficiently to speak and unburthen her mind of the sad truth which pressed so heavily upon it.

"We'll soon be without a home, Mrs. Willard! The money that papa left me is all lost. That letter is to tell me."

"Well, Miss Agnes, you have your Cousin Ernest to look to. He will take care of you."

A crimson flush chased away the girl's pallor.

"Hush, Mrs. Willard! Don't speak of him to me, again; he is married. The news came this morning."

"Bad luck to him, and he engaged to you! He is a black hearted——"

"No, Mrs. Willard; he's only fickle and thoughtless. He fell desperately in love with the pretty young thing he has married, and they have made a runaway match. I am glad he found out the nature of his liking for me before instead of after our union had taken place. He had a cousinly fondness for me, that was all."

Agnes spoke with a quiet dignity which silenced her listener at once.

"Well, come and have your lunch now. I broiled a bit of chicken for you, and I hope it will taste good. Sitting here and fretting won't mend things a bit."

She succeeded in coaxing Agnes into the dining-room, and poured her a cup of fragrant Mocha, laid the morning paper beside her plate, and then left her alone.

Agnes sipped the coffee and tasted the chicken. Then she glanced over the columns of the newspaper.

An advertisement attracted her attention. It was this:—

"Wanted, a housekeeper. She must be active and good-tempered, as well as competent to direct the domestics under her particular charge."

"I will have to earn my living now," thought Agnes, with a sigh; "and I kept house for papa, so why can't I for someone else? At any rate I will answer this advertisement, and learn what kind of duties are required."

She wrote a note, and sent it to the given address.

The following day brought a reply from Mr. Durant, requesting her to call at the writer's house, giving its number and the name of the street.

After a long walk she reached the place.

It was an imposing-looking mansion.

A carriage was drawn up before it, and a liveried footman ran up the steps and gave a tremendous peal at the bell, glancing at Agnes curiously as he did so.

A servant came to the door.

Agnes gave him her card, and he moved [illegible] "[illegible], miss, [illegible] the library."

A gentleman was seated at a table writing.

He turned his head as Agnes entered, and looked at her carelessly at first, then curiously.

His eyes were very dark and bright, and their expression was one of unmistakable surprise.

"I hope you will pardon me," said he, "for saying that your youth is against you."

Agnes tried to make her voice steady as she answered, but, in spite of her efforts, it trembled.

"I never had any trouble with our own servants, sir, and so I thought I might manage other people's; but I see my mistake."

"I must again ask pardon for intruding my opinions upon you. But why, may I ask, have you selected this particular line of employment?"

"It was a sudden impulse which led me to [illegible] your house. Papa has just gone from me a little [illegible] and now I have just learned that all his money project is lost. I must earn my living some way."

"I like your spirit. The taking of such a responsible place as that of the directing spirit in my household [illegible] not an humble one. I have an invalid aunt who is about to part with her companion—a lady who has come into a small property lately, and does not need the position any longer. If you succeed in making a favorable impression upon the old lady, who is rather queer in her way, it will be a much easier employment than [illegible] housekeeper. I will conduct you to her, and see how the plan is likely to succeed."

Agnes's modest face at once attracted the invalid's fancy and she was engaged to take the place on the following week.

She fulfilled her duties satisfactorily, and after a few months became fondly attached to the feeble old lady, and found a real pleasure in trying to make her life as happy as it could be while enduring so much pain.

Her death came suddenly, and was such a shock to the kind young caretaker that at first it put all other thoughts out of her mind.

Then she awoke to the knowledge that she must leave the hospitable home that had sheltered her.

When she broached the matter to Mr. Durant, however, he would not listen to it, and, to her great surprise supplemented his refusal by an offer of marriage.

"I never thought to put trust in woman again," he said, "but I have learned to like to see you about this lonesome old house. You are still on the sunny side of life, and I am forty. But I will try to make you happy. Do not answer me now. Think of what I have said, and give me my reply to-morrow at this time."

Surprised and bewildered at this sudden proposition, Agnes withdrew from Mr. Durant's presence.

"Was there such a thing as true love in the world?" she questioned herself—"that is, in a man's heart?"

Her own sad experience taught her to answer, "No."

She did not love Mr. Durant, but she was conscious of a feeling of respect and admiration for him.

He had not professed to love her.

It would be a purely friendly union, and was it not the truest kind of marriage after all?

Thus she reasoned down her conscientious scruples, and at last made up her mind to tell Mr. Durant that if he would take her for his wife knowing that her heart had once received a blow which had given love its death-wound, and to accept friendship and respect instead she would be to him a true and faithful companion throughout life's journey.

Mr. Durant was pleased with her candor, and after a brief delay they were married.

The young wife proved like a ray of sunshine in the grand old house. Every room showed tokens of the change that had been inaugurated with its new mistress; and, best of all, Agnes learned to love her husband, not with the romantic devotion which had characterized the first love, that had ended so disastrously, but with a calm, enduring affection, which was far better calculated to make its object happy.

One morning while looking over some old-fashioned daguerreotypes packed away in the drawer of an old cabinet, Agnes came upon an exquisitely painted miniature of a young girl.

The artist had depicted the sweet face with a smile curving the delicate lips, dimpling the pink cheeks, and laughing ruggishly out of the eyes, as blue as the flax-flower blossom.

Agnes hastened with her new-found treasure to the library, her husband's favorite haunt.

She held the picture towards him.

"See what I have found! What a shame for such a beautiful face to be hidden away in a place which is so seldom visited."

Mr. Durant glanced up with a preoccupied look, but as his eyes rested upon the picture, with a sudden darkening of his usually calm face, and with a lowering brow, he caught it from Agnes and threw it across the room. Then, seeing by his wife's pallor that he had startled her, he calmed himself by a supreme effort, and said, "It is through your ignorance of my past, Agnes, that you have given me such a wound. That picture represents my daughter, Grace. Her very existence cost the life of her fair young mother; and when I at last forgave her that debt, and gave her the warmest place left in my benumbed heart, she deserted me for a stranger, and again I was left desolate. She proved an ingrate. Never mention her to me again, Agnes. I have learned to depend upon your love and sympathy. Do not disappoint me."

Agnes stood for an instant in mute surprise, longing, but not daring, to plead for forgiveness for the discarded child of whose existence she had now heard for the first time.

It seemed so cruel for her to be enjoying the beautiful home of her noble-hearted husband, while his daughter was an exile from it.

But Agnes had the rare gift of patience. So she said nothing, until she could see the way clear not to injure the cause of the absent one. But from the time when her husband first disclosed to her the carefully guarded secret at his heart, she determined to eventually effect a reconciliation.

By inquiries she learned the whole bitter truth. Grace Durant had fallen in love with the son of Mr. Durant's bitter enemy, and hopeless of gaining her father's consent to their marriage, had yielded to the entreaties of the young lover and had made a clandestine match with him. He had lived but a few years, and then had left his darling to battle with the world, and to try and wrest a living from it for herself and baby boy.

Surely Agnes had something to work upon. Who could resist the thought of a little grandson?

Again she went to her husband with a likeness; but this time of a dimpled, dark-eyed boy.

He received it from her carelessly; looked at it at first in a listless way, then roused into sudden intentness: "Who is this?"

The young wife trembled; but she answered bravely. "It is your grandson and name-child. His father is dead, and his mother, your only daughter, is supporting herself by giving music lessons. Oh, my husband, if you love me, forgive and forget the past! Take your dear ones into your heart and home."

Mr. Durant looked at the fair young pleader curiously; a suspicious moisture dimmed for an instant the brightness of his dark eyes.

Then he said slowly, "Do you know what your intercession will cost you—that is, if I accede to your request? Agnes, think well of what you are doing. My will is made, and it is in your favor."

"Burn it! Destroy it! It is unjust! Here is your rightful heir!" and Agnes pointed to the blooming, childish face with an earnest, beseeching gesture.

"You are a good little thing, Agnes: I am not deceived in you. I read it in your face when I first saw you. Be it as you say. I have enough for all."

Thus Agnes made peace between the father and daughter, and when the sweet gift of a young soul clad in mortal guise came to her own arms a few months later, he was received with a joy which was not dimmed by the feeling that her own little son was an interloper—taking the inheritance from the rightful heir; and the blessing which is promised to all "peacemakers" descended upon the happy home, making it like a foretaste of heaven to live within its boundaries. For all was harmony and love.

## THE STAGE-DRIVER'S STORY.

### How General Scott's Life was Saved and How His Driver Twice Escaped Death.

The traveler of the present day, as he is hurried along by the lightning express, in its buffet cars and palace sleepers, seldom reverts in thought to the time when the stage coach and packet were the only means of communication between distant points. It is rare that one of the real old-time stage drivers is met with now-a-days and when the writer recently run across Fayette Haskell, of Lockport, N. Y., he felt like a bibliographer over the discovery of some rare volume of "forgotten lore." Mr. Haskell, although one of the pioneers in stage driving (he formerly ran from Lewiston to Niagara Falls and Buffalo), is hale and hearty and bids fair to live for many years. The strange stories of his early adventures would fill a volume. At one time when going down a mountain near Lewiston with no less a personage than General Scott as a passenger, the brakes gave way and the coach came on the heels of the wheel horses. The only remedy was to whip the leaders to a gallop. Gaining additional momentum with each revolution of the wheels the coach swayed and pitched down the mountain side and into the streets of Lewiston. Straight ahead at the foot of the steep hill flowed the Niagara river, towards which the four horses dashed, apparently to certain death. Yet the firm hand never relaxed its hold nor the clear brain its conception of what must be done in the emergency. On dashed the horses until the narrow dock was reached on the river bank, when by a masterly exhibition of nerve and daring, the coach was turned in scarce its own length and the horses brought to a stand still before the pale hokers-on could realize what had occured. A purse was raised by General Scott and presented to Mr. Haskell with high compliments for his skill and bravery.

Notwithstanding all his strength and his robust constitution the strain of continuous work and exposure proved too much for Mr. Haskell's constitution. The constant jolting of the coach and the necessarily cramped position in which he was obliged to sit, contributed to this end, and at times he was obliged to abandon driving altogether.

Speaking of this period he said:

"I found it almost impossible to sleep at night; my appetite left me entirely and I had a tired feeling which I never knew before and could not account for."

"Did you give up driving entirely?"

"No. I tried to keep up but it was only with the greatest effort. This state of things continued for nearly twenty years until last October when I went all to [illegible]."

"In what way?"

"Oh, I doubled all up; could not walk without a cane and was incapable of any effort or exertion. I had a constant desire to urinate both day and night and although I felt like passing a gallon every [illegible] and [illegible] it was scanty and I thought death was very near.

"What did you do then?"

"What I should have done long before; listen to my wife. Under her advice I began a new treatment."

"And with what result?"

"Wonderful. It unstopped the closed passages and what was still more wonderful regulated the flow. The sediment vanished; my appetite returned and I am now well and good for twenty more years wholly through the aid of Warner's Safe Cure that has done wonders for me as well as for so many others."

Mr. Haskell's experience is repeated every day in the lives of thousands of American men and women. An unknown evil is undermining the existence of an innumerable number who do not realize the danger they are in until health has entirely departed and death perhaps stares them in the face. To neglect such important matters is like drifting in the current of Niagara above the Falls.

KEEPING EGGS.—An Illinois farmer stated that he keeps eggs for a long time by packing them in powdered dry earth. He places first a layer of earth, and on this a layer of eggs, filling the spaces between the eggs with earth. The earth and eggs are thus alternated until the barrel used for the purpose is full.

# Our Young Folks.

## SCRIBBLE WORLD.

BY ALICE SARGANT.

"THESE leaves are too ugly and tiresome to draw," cried Polidorus, pushing his sketch-book from him impatiently. "I could draw far more beautiful things out of my head."

"You will be pleased to continue your study from still life," said Professor Photograph, looking at him severely from behind his easel.

Now Polidorus was taking lessons from Professor Photograph.

He was an only child, and his mother wished him to have the best instructions on every subject.

"Botheration," murmured Polidorus, a little later on.

"What is the matter now?" asked the Professor, with a gathering frown. "What is it you want?"

"Sympathy and Indiarubber," answered his pupil, with gloom.

No response coming to this, Polidorus adorned the margin of his paper with a wonderful landscape, in which a few dragons disporting themselves in mid-air disturbed the peace of some elderly gentlemen, bearing a faint resemblance to the Professor, who were strolling on a bristly lawn.

"What is this I see?" came with a roar from the Professor, shortly afterwards.

"Well, it is a world of my own, and a far finer world than every body else's that you want me to copy," said Polidorus, pointing at the arrangement of burdocks before him.

"Some fun for me, and no snails, say I."

"Little conceited shrimp," roared the Professor, rising, his great dark eyes glowing, and his beard and hair bristling with indignation.

"You despise the beauty lying around you?

"Live, then, in your scribble world, and leave this divine garden world for those who can enjoy it."

With these words he flourished his mahlstick and Polidorus was wafted out of the window.

He found himself alone in a bare world, with only earth and sky; in his hand was his sketch-book and pencil.

"He who needs more
Must draw,"

was written on the first page.

"Hurrah," shouted Polidorus, "now for a world of my own. Of course I want more, but what do I want most?"

After a moment's thought.

"Why to learn to ride, of course. Then I must have a horse.

"Not too frisky, or it might kick and rear, and I should be off.

"Let me see, horses rear on their hind legs, and kick with their hind legs, so I had better not have any hind legs to my horse."

Polidorus' horse, therefore, was a lean creature, with two long legs in the middle of its body, one eye (he could not put in two), and a tail of half-a-dozen stout hairs.

As he finished off the sketch it came running up to him affectionately, but looking so extraordinary that he felt inclined to run away from it.

"Dear heart alive," said Polidorus, for this is what his mother always said, "I must add a saddle, and a bridle, and a block to mount from."

This was easily done, and Polidorus had a delightful ride.

"Professor Photograph did not know what a fine world I could make," thought Polidorus.

"Now for some dinner."

But before he could get his dinner he had to draw his house.

"This is easy enough. I will have two gables, eight windows, a door half open, or I shan't get in creepers, curtains, a chimney—if I put smoke, shall I get a fire inside? I'll try."

Outside the cottage was pretty enough, inside it was empty, and there was no fire, though the smoke poured in volumes from the chimney.

A fire was soon drawn however.

"I will have, chicken, bread-sauce, jelly, and almonds and raisins for dinner," said Polidorus.

All very well, but he drew the chickens running about, and they did run about so that he spent more than an hour in catching one.

"I must have a cook," he cried in despair, sitting down breathless, and loosing his prey.

"I can't kill the poor thing now I have caught it.

"It is a nuisance, for I know she will talk at me all day.

"It will be, 'Master Polidorus, don't come messing round here!' 'Master Polidorus, go and brush your hair, for you will be late again for dinner.'

"No matter, I will not give her a mouth, then she must hold her tongue."

He set to work. First he made a round dumpling for a face, a larger one for a body, and gave her a short skirt, and two strokes ending in scrops for legs.

"I could not bear to see her with cork screws on her head, and I cannot make any other kind of hair, so I will give her a frizzled cap.

A frizzled cap she had, and arms resembling trotting forks, inasmuch as they were straight and five pronged, of course she had eyes, nose, and ears, but, as arranged, no mouth.

"Now, cook," cried Polidorus, as she came stumping up with a bob, "I want roast chicken, bread-sauce, jelly, and almonds and raisins for dinner."

Cook nodded, and chased the chickens, trying to prog them with her toasting-fork arms, but in vain.

"You are of no more use than I am," cried Polidorus, angrily.

"I shall have to dine off toast and water."

This frugal meal being ended, he ran out of doors, intending to lie down under a tree and read.

Now it took some time to draw a tree to his liking, but when it was done I am sure you would have liked to lie under it. It was very tall, and the trunk a good deal thicker at the top than at the roots, but then so many branches had to sprout from it.

Each branch bore a different fruit, and was so heavily laden that the boughs nearly touched the ground.

"So handy to gather from," as Polidorus said.

He now wanted to begin to read, but when he realized that he had to write a book before he could have one, he quickly resolved to have a dog instead to play with.

"I like large dogs," he said, "but then they bark very loud and bite. Perhaps it had better have no teeth, and if I gave it quite a little bill it might sing to me instead of barking.

"Oh, here you are! Good old fellow! I'll call you 'Canis,' because that means dog, you know, and sounds something like canary."

Between Polidorus and Canis the fruit was rapidly disappearing, when unfortunately the plucking of a huge pineapple caused the tree to rebound and topple over on the other side, for it had no roots.

"What is Canis tugging at under the branches?" cried Polidorus, who was on his feet and trembling.

"Oh, it is only the cook. I suppose she was smelling the fruit on the other side when it went over.

"I am sorry for her, but really she was good in a way. She does not make any noise, so she is done for. Dear me" (with a yawn), "what is to be done now? I'll draw a little. Those dragons I made for Professor Photograph were not half bad; I'll try some more."

Alas, poor Polidorus, had forgot his fatal power.

On looking up, three hideous dragons were hovering in the air waiting for their prey.

"Canis, Canis! Help! At them good dog," cried Polidorus, but Canis only too conscious of his insignificant bill, fled chirping into the house with his tail between his legs.

One of the dragons pounced upon the two-legged horse.

Drops of perspiration rolled down the boy's face, when, putting hands into his pockets he found a piece of indiarubber.

In an instant the house, tree, and dragons became a smudge, and poor Polidorus fainted away.

Some hours later, having come round, he sat with his sketch-book before him, feeling that is he was to live he must draw.

"If I had only," he said, "a flower or a leaf to draw from I should be safe.

"It is of no use to live in a world of one's own if one has not looked at everybody's world enough to know how to make what one wants."

A deep voice said near him:

"I see it now, One gets no good out of everybody's world if one has not a world of one's own to store with it."

It was the Professor who had come out to seek for Polidorus, and was gazing at the sky.

"Oh, Professor," cried Polidorus, "how glad I am you are here," and he ran up to him and squeezed his hand.

"There you are," cried Professor Photograph, in the most cordial way, "why, I was looking everywhere for you. You were in the right, my boy, and I in the wrong. Draw as many dragons as you please."

"No, no, sir," cried Polidorus, heartily ashamed of himself, and far from anxious to draw dragons.

"It was I that was wrong, and I will draw burdocks or anything you like."

What had made Professor Photograph change his mind is a grown up story, and so not to be set down here, but he and his pupil remained firm friends from this time forth, and each maintained in later years that the other had taught him to draw.

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"If your boarding-house should take fire at night what would you do to get the people out?" asked the fire-marshal of an experienced matron. "Oh, there would be no trouble about that" was the reply; "I would just ring the breakfast bell, and all the boarders would be in the dining-room in three minutes."

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**Important.**

Philadelphians arriving in New York via Cortland Street Ferry by taking the 6th Avenue Elevated Train corner Church and Cortland Streets, can reach the Grand Union Hotel in 42d Street opposite Grand Central Depot in twenty minutes, and save $3 Carriage Hire. If enroute to Saratoga or other Summer resorts via Grand Central Depot, all Baggage will be transferred from Hotel to the Depot, FREE. 600 Elegantly furnished rooms $1, and upwards per day. Restaurant the best and cheapest in the City. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union, than at any other first class hotel in the city.

## THE NURSE MAID.

BY HARTLEY RICHARDS.

"WHAT shall I do?" said Linda Carrol, folding her white hands together. "Grandma's fortune has gone up like a sky-rocket. Grandma does nothing but cry, and I haven't a friend in the world, or any means of earning a shilling.

"They wouldn't take me anywhere as governess, or as assistant in any shop, without experience and references.

"I've painted a flower-piece, and it hangs in the stationer's window as it hung for six months.

"I offered to sew for the dressmaker, and as soon as she saw my needlework, she said, 'Ah, goodness gracious, that would never do!'

"My superficial education was very well for a young heiress, but it is of no use to a poor girl who needs to earn her living; and I begin to be afraid that what grandma says about our going into the street to beg may come true, absurd as it sounds!"

And she took up the newspaper and looked at the advertisements.

"'Wanted a young, genteel person to take charge of a little boy,'" she read. "Perhaps that might do, if I can swallow my pride," she sighed.

And noting the number she put on her plainest hat and mantle, and hurried out into the street.

She found the house after a walk of an hour—a handsome residence—and having been ushered into the reception-room, was received by a neat, elderly woman.

"The arrangements are all left in my hands," said this person, smoothing her apron.

"You would be wanted to take care of a motherless child. Poor Mrs. Bellamy died last week, and a common servant will not do.

"Mr. Bellamy relies on my discretion. I'm the housekeeper—have been for ten years. He is a broken-hearted man; never looks up or speaks to anyone.

"Dear Mrs. Bellamy had a most trying disposition. I believe she generally scolded him all night; and she got pneumonia throwing up the window because he shut it.

"But that was all her nerves, and he adored her. He'll never recover her loss. He has a hatband all over his hat, and her miniature and hair in a locket on his watch chain.

"You won't expect much gaiety in this afflicted household, but you'll have Sunday afternoon—I'll take Master Thomas then—and an evening once a week. What references?"

Linda smiled.

"Would grandma do?" she asked.

And then she told her little story.

Mrs. Prescott listened and considered. Finally she agreed to waive references, and offered a pound a week.

That sum Linda knew would secure a nice room in her present place of residence for her grandma, and she accepted the position thankfully.

At home she spoke of her position as a governess; and the old lady wept afresh, as well she might, when Linda's modest trunk was carried away.

Master Tommy was an unmanageable little boy, who seemingly inherited his mother's temper.

A regular battle was necessary before he could be washed or clothed.

He tore things for mere mischief's sake, and was as fond of biting as a mad dog; but Linda was cool, quite, and good humored. In a week or so she got the mastery over him, and even began to teach him something.

Of the father she saw nothing, but at night she heard him pacing the room overhead with long and solemn strides.

"It's his conscience, my dear," said Mrs. Prescott. "He says he is sure he wasn't all he should be to his poor Amanda, and that he broke her heart.

"He never answered her back; and I've heard him get up in the night and go everywhere to buy strawberries when they were not in season, because she was set on having 'em.

"She was a Miss Penfeather, and the family despises Mr. Bellamy; but I never saw such adoration, even when she gave him a black eye with the clothes' brush."

Linda grew curious to see this paragon. One day she was gratified.

She had left Master Tommy at the nursery, and gone down stairs to get a tub of hot water for his bath; when she returned he was gone.

She hurried about the house, and soon heard low groans from the study on the second floor.

The door stood open; peeping in, she saw a tall man lying on a sofa, and Master Tommy standing near by, pulling out his hair by handfuls.

With every tug the sufferer groaned, but made no resistance.

"Tommy," called Linda.—"Tommy, come here! Really, sir, you ought not to allow that!"

Tommy obeyed, and ran to her. The martyr lifted up his head.

"Don't disturb him," he said mournfully. "I would deny nothing to her child. I wish to do my duty by him at least."

"That is not the way to do it sir," said Linda. "Absurd indulgence is injurious to any child."

She led Tommy away.

The next morning as she was instructing him in the alphabet, a tangled head of black hair appeared at the door; a thin tall figure followed, and Mr. Bellamy, with a dejected air and tone, inquired, "May I come in?"

Linda hastened to place a chair, and went on with her lesson.

The father eyed her with a wistful look.

"You seem to manage him," he said.

"I try to, sir," said Linda.

"He has his sainted mother's face," said Mr. Bellamy.

The child with his blunt nose, and rough, red cheeks, was not particularly saint-like, but Linda, as in duty bound, bowed gravely.

"It comforts me to see him," said Mr. Bellamy. "May I come often?"

"This is your own house, sir, said Linda.

From that day Mr. Bellamy sat in the nursery a great deal.

In the evenings he took Tommy to walk. At the end of that month he raised Linda's wages.

As the summer wore on, and the year of his mourning glided by, he bestowed many confidences on his nursery governess.

He remembered each cause of complaint he late wife had had against him, and desired Linda's opinion.

Generally she found him not to blame.

By slow degrees he grew more cheerful, and at last brought home a top for Tommy and set it spinning.

On the anniversary of his wife's death he took Linda and Tommy to her grave and wept there.

"A broken-hearted man is Mr. Bellamy," said Mrs. Possett. "But is seems singular to me that he didn't ask me to take the child instead of you."

The week after Mrs. Penfeather and one of Tommy's aunts came to make a visit. There was a good deal of whispering in the housekeeper's room; and one evening Mrs. Penfeather entered the nursery with a haughty air, and, seating herself in a rocking-chair, addressed herself to Linda.

"I am the late Mrs. Bellamy's mother, as I suppose you know; and I have come over to see how Tommy is getting on. I can't say I think he is doing well at all, and I believe I can find a better nurse-maid for him.

"So as your month is up next Monday, I'll pay you now in place of warning, and you can pack up at once."

Linda looked at the old lady quietly, paused a moment, said "Very well," and walked out of the room.

Her little trunk stood in the lumber-room; she opened it, and began to take down her few plain gowns.

Suddenly Tommy's voice reached her, crying, "Where's my Linda?"

And she heard the grandmother say, "Linda is going away. She's naughty."

Then she realized that she had come to love Tommy, and tears fell fast upon the garments she was packing.

"Crying?" said a voice behind her. "Why, Linda, what has happened?"

"I'm very foolish that's all, Mr. Bellamy. It is only leaving Tommy," she answered, without looking round.

"Leaving Tommy? What do you mean?" cried Mr. Bellamy.

He came into the lumber-room and stood near her, looking down at her.

"Mrs. Penfeather has dismissed me," she said.

"But I have not," said Mr. Bellamy.

He bent towards her; he looked at her as a master seldom looks at a servant. Suddenly Linda understood all.

"It is right that I should go," she thought; and yet her tears fell faster. Yes, she not only loved Tommy, but she certainly liked Mr. Bellamy very much.

"It will break the child's heart if you go," said Mr. Bellamy. "Mrs. Penfeather oversteps her privileges. Linda my dear child, you can't go. I have thought for some time that you never must.

"It is my duty to give little Tommy a mother, and I—I'm so very fond of you. Won't you marry me?"

He put his arm about her waist. He had such a soft, kind way, though he was weak and womanish.

"Say yes, Linda," he said.

But she answered, Not now; here," and hurried her clothes into her trunk.

He stood by dejectedly.

"Think it over Linda," he pleaded. And she promised.

She talked it over with her grandmother that night.

Linda had had dreams of gallant knights and young princes, like other girls; and Bellamy was neither.

But she felt as though he needed to be taken care of; and there was Tommy. And it was a good match, as her grandmother said.

And so it came to pass that there was a wedding one day, and that afterwards Linda and her grandmother went home to the old house, where Tommy waited for their coming.

Mrs. Possett gave warning. She could not keep house for a former nurse-maid, she declared.

But no housekeeper was needed, and, what Grandma Penfeather said muttered little to young Mrs. Bellamy.

She is very happy, and so is the old grandmother, whom Tommy adores; while Mr. Bellamy admits to himself, that though his sainted first wife was adorable, his second one is simply perfection, and has the advantage of a sweet temper and no nerves.

"I had no idea my nurse-maid's place would be so permanent," Linda often thinks to herself; "but I love both my babies—the young one and the old one—dearly."

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ELECTRIC LIGHTING is gradually being extended to most of the public gardens of Paris.

### AMONG THE DAISIES.

Lay her down among the daisies,
  With the fringes of her eyes
Softer than their silver petals,
  Closed for blissful reveries—
Fold her little hands in whiteness
  As in prayer upon her breast;
Fear not for their folded lightness
  On the heart unmoving pressed:
For that heart of angel brightness,
  Tired so early, lies at rest.

Tired so early!—when the dawning
  Glimmered white-winged through the room,
And the skies were half-awaking,
  Half in fading starlit gloom—
From the heaven of the starlight
  Came the angels of the dawn,
And the morning winds were sighing,
  And the curtains eastward drawn:
And her sleeping face looked brighter,
  And a whispering word said—Come!"

All the daisies were unfolding
  In the fields, where never more
Shall the rapture of her child-life
  Run in shout and laughter o'er.
Tired so early!—she has gathered
  All her gladness in swift space,
She has sung her song and ended—
  Childlike, turning pleading face
Back to home when joys are weary—
  Toward the one familiar place.

Lay her low among the daisies—
  Angels knew her more than we;
They have led her home from wandering,
  Tired with earthly revelry.
And above her daisied pillow
  Let her simple tale be told:
Here the Lover of the Lilies
  Bade a little blossom fold;
He that wakes the flowers shall wake her,
  White as snow, with heart of gold.

### CONCERNING EARRINGS

FROM remotest antiquity, and among almost every nation; whether civilized or savage, fashion seems to have ordained the wearing of earrings.

Without entering too deeply into this settled question, it may just be remarked that sacred and secular writ tell us of the use of these ornaments, and that they have been found in more or less richness of material among the relics of the Egyptians, the Romans, the Greeks, and other people.

But as explorers have brought to light these pieces of jewelry, and antiquaries have speculated upon the sorts and conditions of men, or rather women, who adorned their persons with them, so travelers, ancient and modern, have informed us of the peculiar conformation of the organs in which they have been so carried, not normally as to anatomical structure—for an ear is pretty well an ear as God made it in all the species of man—but artificially and abnormally deformed, in order to adapt it to the ornament custom has dictated its lobe shall bear.

Thus, tiny ears, which we appreciate in the estimate of feminine beauty, are a positive defect in the Chinese catalogue of pulchritudinous "points" in their ladies. Mrs. or Miss Hong must have small feet, but small ears—never!

Her husband or her lover likes them large, long and pendulous; so they have been stretched by earrings of the heaviest material until the object was gained.

The belles of Laas, a province south of China, so gradually enlarge an opening which a bone or metal stiletto had originally made in the ear, that in the end their gallants' fists will pass through it; thus, we take it, giving these gentlemen a convenient hold either for caress or for punition.

The Omanga tribe of North American Indians wear in the dilated holes of the cartilages of the ear bouquets of flowers; so do the Botocudos of Brazil; and likewise the Cingbalese.

The Tamils and other Asiatic tribes wear pieces of wood, conical rolls of dried palm leaves and volutes, cowries and other shells thrust either to widen or to keep patent the gaping and disfiguring openings for more showy ornaments.

Whence originated the practice of boring our children's ears?

Our ancestors held the fallacy that so doing and inserting earrings, was not only a charm against the "evil eye," but actually preserved the sight.

The African negro has pretty much the same idea; the ring he or she wears is a counter-spell to Obeah.

Upon what physiological affinity our forefathers grounded the idea, that because they bored the ear lobes of their little daughters their vision would be longer maintained perfect, it is as hard to say as why the boys escaped the ordeal.

Generation after generation has slipped away; the absence of reasoning as to the preservation of eyesight has long died out, but the barbarous custom itself still exists, as we see, in all our associations with society.

Dr. Felix Bremond has dwelt on this subject, and from his article we mainly gather our present observations.

He adduces the fact that earrings often cut the delicate structures of the ear, making them bleed frequently, occasionally ulcerating them, and invariably elongating them to a size Dame Nature never intended.

Jewelers, he goes on to say, have tried to avoid these inconveniences by modern improvements; for the fastening ring of the ornament they have substituted a shank, terminating outwardly by a jewel set in metal, or by a knot of metal alone, and inwardly by a screw working in a socket.

By these means the experts in question have "scotch'd the snake, not killed it," to put it poetically, for this new method presses the lobe of the ear between its two parts; it no longer cuts certainly, but it crushes, and cases are related where such pressure has induced injuries which required the surgeon's knife to relieve.

Dr. Bremond bids us stroll through any of the galleries of art in his own or other countries, where are treasured the paintings or the sculptures of great masters, and he asks, upon which of them do we see the disfigurements of earrings?

Do our Venuses, or our Dianas, or our Floras, or our Hebes show them, either on the canvas or the marble?

Did Pygmalion add eardrops or pendants to Galatea before he fell in love with her, and she descended from the pedestal a thing of life and beauty?

Unquestionably not so. Why, then, either from an æsthetic or a hygienic point of view, do we still adhere to these Gothicisms, which inflict a minor sort of mutilation upon our womankind, add not one infinitismal iota to their charms, and very far-fetched though the idea may be, reflect the mark of bondage upon them, for was not the slave and prisoner taken in war by the Romans ear-ringed?

It is high time, then, that, in common with other barbarisms, we sent earrings into the limbo of things done with and forgotten, leaving "the wickets of the soul," as the poet Davies calls the ears, so marvelously and scientifically modeled for all the purposes of sound and human beauty, untrameled and not deformed by jewelry of not the least utility, and frequently by its showiness directing attention to existing defects.

## Grains of Gold.

Counsel over cups is crazy.

Be just to all, but trust not all.

Humanity judges humanity by itself.

Do it well, that thou mayest not do it twice.

Talk to the point, and stop when you have reached it.

If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.

He who gives you fair words, feeds you with an empty spoon.

It is a very easy thing for a man to be wise for other people.

Without earnestness no man is ever great or does really great things.

It is but an ill-filled mind that is filled with other people's thoughts.

A wise man is like a spring lock, always more ready to shut than open.

A stagnant soul, like a stagnant pool, breeds insects, reptiles and slime.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with.

The richest endowments of the mind are temperance, prudence and fortitude.

The success of villainy is treated by many as the standard and proof of excellence.

If experience is such a good teacher, why don't a great many more go to school to him?

The truly grateful heart may not be able to tell of gratitude, but it can feel, and love, and act.

He who does his best, however little, is always to be distinguished from him who does nothing.

Never repine at the good fortune of others, for many are there who wish to be raised to your station.

Do not handle the truth carelessly, for fear you let it drop. Self-conceit has ruined some of our best men.

Courtesy of temper, when it is used to veil churlishness of deed, is but a knight's girdle around the breast of a base clown.

## Femininities.

A dealer in human hair says the color most in demand is chestnut brown.

There are 180 women enrolled as students in the University of Michigan.

A woman's first right is the right to a husband—even if she has to support him.

The worst thing about a handsome woman is some other fellow's arm than your own.

The women of Mississippi are working actively to prepare for the coming cotton Exposition.

A dry-goods clerk says it is far easier to serve homely women than handsome ones in shopping.

A Chicago paper says the American girl is lazy physically, and ought to take long walks in the open air.

A mother-in-law is not a heavenly body, but she has been known on several occasions to eclipse a honeymoon.

The German police in Alsace have lately seized two hundred weight of anarchist newspapers which had been smuggled into the country by women.

Short hair for women is coming into fashion. It is very pretty and becoming to nearly everybody, worn in loose, half-curled locks around the head.

"Will the youngest girl in the room please rise?" said a school superintendent, in a rural district. Every female stood up, including the teacher.

Smelling bottles are coming into fashion again. A Washington belle carries one a foot long and very heavy. But she would faint at sight of a potato-masher.

There is one good thing about this craze for baby shows all over the country at the present time. It prevents lots of young men from getting married prematurely.

A bachelor so greatly admired the way in which the housekeeper prepared coffee, that he proposed and was accepted, only to find that the coffee was made by the servant girl.

A New York letter says that a number of girls earn from $20 to $30 a week doing decorative work for the large stores, such as painting pin-cushions, cologne bottles and other trifles.

Mrs. Maxwell (Miss Braddon), the well-known novelist, has for many years given every Wednesday a roasted leg of mutton for dinner to the poor children of a neighboring public school.

An Illinois girl thinks she is an angel. Glad she does. Few girls realize that they are angels, or else they would in a good many instances conduct themselves more becoming to their high station.

As people usually sprinkle the floors before they sweep them, says an old bachelor, so some ladies sprinkle their husbands with tears in order that they may sweep the cash out of their pocket-books.

"My daughter, you ought to have some aim in life," said a Camden father to his thoughtless sixteen-year-old. "Oh, I am going to, papa," was the quick and enthusiastic reply; "I have got my beau already!"

The young ladies of Augusta, Me., chew up $2,000 worth of gum every year. This is a great waste. The money which they could save on gum during courtship would keep a young husband in cigars for a year.

Chinese women shun scandals and intrigues, and anything tending to divorce, as they would the plague. The reason is plain. A divorced woman finds herself without honor in China. No stigma attaches to the divorced man.

The announcement that a woman had been hugged by a bear in Montana, caused a big crowd of Massachusetts maidens to start for the West. It is, perhaps, needless to remark that the bears have taken to the woods. The prospect was past bearing.

The two students of the Elmira Female College who secure the highest standing in their respective classes this season may avail themselves of a chance to visit Europe, a Rochester gentleman having put an excursion of that kind forward as a prize.

Wheeling, W. Va., papers deny that there is any truth in the story purporting to be from there, about young girls putting a poisonous drug into a young man's pie in mistake for Epsom salts, with the result of a tar and feather party and a shooting match.

Miss Montague Tayleure (to Miss Capulet Smythe): "I want to introduce to you Mr. Nallsley, back there, who thinks you are so awfully handsome. You know of him, don't you? He is very amusing and eccentric—never thinks as anyone else does."

A New Yorker, who has been a close observer for forty years, declares that, whereas there used to be a preponderance of blondes among women in this country, there is now a heavy preponderance of brunettes. This disposes of the charge that modern women fade.

Those girls who powder and paint their faces may think such is attractive, but we are bold enough to tell them, plainly and bluntly, that while they may look well at a bird's-eye view, when a fellow gets on edging up against one of those kind of faces in a blind-down parlor it completely disgusts him.

A Vassar College girl told her professor that a fish had no lungs, but breathed with its fins. It is said that the professor went into convulsions, and was obliged to hand in his resignation. He should have given her another chance; she said she knew that fish breathed with their tails, but didn't stop to think.

Two years ago, during a quarrel between John Dawson and his wife, of Brantford, Conn., the former knocked one of the latter's eyes out. During a quarrel over some trifling matter, a few days since, he struck her violently in the other eye, and succeeded in blinding that also. The poor woman will be stone blind for life.

## News Notes.

The Hindoo beggars pursue their calling on horseback.

A pile of 1,000,000 one-dollar bills would be 45 feet high.

New York City has 123 regularly incorporated clubs.

Utica, N. Y., has started a reading-room exclusively for girls.

Bear meat is a regular dish at all the hotels and restaurants in Russia.

Nearly 25,000 women are engaged in glove-making in England alone.

Cremation is an established usage in Japan, the oldest empire in the world.

The convicts at Auburn State Prison are now allowed to take weekly papers.

New York is said to have the largest Catholic population of any city in the world.

Wordsworth, the poet, had lost the sense of smell—roses and onions were all the same to him.

Foreigners own 20,047,000 acres of land in this country, almost wholly in the West and Southwest.

It is calculated that no less than 30,000 women steer canal boats in Southern and Middle England.

In the city of Glasgow, with its 500,000 of population, 41 families out of every 100 live in a single room.

Penny dinners for school children have been instituted under the direction of the London School Board.

Austria has no less than 84 trade schools, in which stone-cutting, carpentry, and numerous other trades are taught.

For agricultural experiment and instruction the French Government makes annually an appropriation of $5,000,000.

Windsor, Conn., has a rogue detective society, embracing in its membership 150 of the most influential men of the town.

A commercial paper in Boston prints a "Credit Register," which exposes the names of those who do not pay their grocery bills.

Moses Dewitt and wife, of Deckertown, N. Y., are 94 and 90 years of age respectively. They have enjoyed 67 years of married life.

Three or four members of the British Cabinet are believed to be strongly in favor of female suffrage, but they do not publicly say so.

It is estimated that 8,000,000 sheep have been killed by the drouth all over Australia this season, with a proportionate loss in horses and cattle.

Nellie Fargo, an inmate of the Charlotte, Vt., poorhouse, starved herself recently because a blind man to whom she was strongly attached had died.

When plucked from the vine, we call the fruit grapes; when dried, raisins; when in pudding, plums; while the juice we extract from them becomes wine.

The latest device of a Paris paper for attracting readers, is the engagement of two eminent physicians to attend gratuitously upon its yearly subscribers.

Detroit places itself near the front rank of cities using the electric light by appropriating $65,000 for the maintenance for a year of 72 electric light towers.

Rev. Dr. Deems tells his congregation to go to sleep if they feel sleepy in church; that both he and the Lord will forgive them; but that they must sleep quietly.

There is now no established religion in Japan, Buddhism having been abolished in 1874. The temples and priesthood are maintained by voluntary contributions.

"No lady or gentleman," emphatically remarks a rural Vermont paper, "no matter how fashionable or costly their raiment, will sit in church and eat peanuts."

To prevent the spread of infectious diseases in Venezuela, a decree has been issued by the Government, ordering the cremation of the bodies of yellow fever victims.

It is said that when the cyclone demolished the Baptist Church at Mount Carmel, S. C., the pulpit was left standing, the Bible and hymn book remaining undisturbed.

Belgian citizens, to be entitled to vote, must first pass an examination in geography, Belgian history, constitutional laws and ethics, unless they are property-holders.

The richest little girl in the world is the 7-year-old daughter of Captain Perkins, of the Navy, her grandfather, William F. Weld, of Boston, having recently left her $7,000,000.

When an English traveler expressed his surprise and disgust at some Arabs eating insects, the men retorted that it was poor affectation in a person who would swallow raw oysters.

A Frenchman of Danielsonville, R. I., 60 years of age, has been married twice, and had 13 children by each wife. The twenty-sixth child is only one month old. He has seventy-two grandchildren.

The King of Bavaria is a man of great physical as well as mental endurance. He has Wagner operatic performances, which last until three o'clock in the morning. Each performance costs about $13,000.

The feat of sending a telegram through 7,000 miles of wire has just been achieved. The message was transmitted from Calcutta to London, and the signals were received at the rate of about twelve words a minute.

A colony of bees that had taken possession of the interior of an unused stove in a schoolroom at San Bernardino, Cal., made lively times for the pupils recently when one of the boys went to start a fire in the stove.

## Aurelia's Discovery.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

THE late lamented Lord Byron has informed us that

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence."

But that depends somewhat upon the man and woman, but especially the woman.

It was terribly true of Aurelia Graye. It is only once or twice in a hundred times that a woman knows how to love.

Aurelia—alas for herself, and for many others like her—knew how all too well.

Heart and soul she had given to Ernest Halier, and any thought that she received less in return had never once occurred to her.

They were to be married—some time.

She loved him so well she scarcely cared when, for to her they had been one from the hour when he first held her so close to his breast that she felt the beating of his heart against her own, and while he told her how well and how long he had loved her she kissed him once—a long, fervent, passionate kiss, and they were betrothed.

The day for their wedding had been postponed twice—first, because of Aurelia's father's death.

A second time because of the death of Ernest's mother, and superstitious and ill-natured people said, "Beware of the third time."

Ernest had almost raged with disappointment at the first postponement; on the second occasion he had said less about it—he had dearly loved his mother, and he mourned her loss bitterly, so he could not say so much on that occasion.

The day for his marriage was once more set—a third time, and by the bride-elect.

It was to be on the fifteenth of October, and Ernest seemed satisfied, although he said very little on the subject.

But Aurelia wondered nothing at that.

She had read Byron's poem, and she believed the lines.

She could understand how a man might have many other interests in life, and yet be a fond, true lover; for herself, love was, indeed, her whole existence, and she wished for nothing more.

It was about the end of August that Aurelia's cousin Mary came to stay with her, for she was alone in the great house of of which she was left mistress, and she didn't care to make any change in the household arrangements, she was so soon to go home to her husband's house.

Mary was a slight, graceful little creature with the bluest eyes, the goldenest hair, the pinkest cheeks, and a smile of quite indescribable sweetness and beauty, that lighted up her lovely face like sunshine, revealing twin rows of pearly teeth between the brilliant lips that fairly dazzled by their gleaming whiteness.

"What a dear little thing!" exclaimed Ernest, the first time he saw her, as soon as he and Aurelia were alone together. "She's just like a ray of sunshine in the house. We will have her always with us, dear, after we are married."

Aurelia bowed her stately head, well pleased that her pretty cousin had made such an impression on Ernest.

She was not a jealous woman, though, like all true women, she was capable of jealousy if given sufficient cause; but to be jealous of her lover's admiration or liking for another would have been as mean and contemptible in her eyes as envy or revenge, or any other low feeling.

That was why she did not see as quickly as another would have seen it, that Ernest was changed to her.

That he never kissed her, except the formal salute that a friend might have given her.

That his hand only touched hers coldly in greeting her.

That his eye no longer followed her with a lover's tenderness as she moved about the room.

Instead of doing so, it lingered lovingly on Mary's sweet, childlike face.

His voice had a new gentleness—a tone Aurelia had never heard in his fondest days—that seemed to caress her cousin's pretty name each time he spoke of it.

But Aurelia did not observe it, or, if she did, it awoke no jealous pang in her heart, nor any dark suspicion in her mind.

The shock of discovery came to her at once, sudden and terrible as a thunderbolt.

One evening she was a little late dressing for dinner, and when she entered the drawing-room it was quite dusk, and the room had not been lighted.

Her step, elastic and quick, and so light that Ernest used to say it would not crush a daisy, was unheard by the two who stood clasped in each other's arms, and half concealed by the heavy window curtains, far too much absorbed in themselves to think of any others just then.

"Oh, Ernest! it seems too hard," sighed Mary's sweet, low voice, "when I love you so, and you love me so! That cold, stately, frigid cousin of mine never was capable of such a love as mine. Tell me, Ernest, you do love me, too—don't you, darling?"

"Indeed, indeed, I love you, my own sweet Mary! Till I loved you darling, I did not know the meaning of the word."

Then followed a closer embrace and a long, passionate kiss.

"I wish Aurelia knew," murmured Mary; "no woman worthy to be called one would wish to keep a lover against his will—a man who loves another woman. Hush! what was that?"

A low moan, forced from her quivering lips by keenest agony, had burst from Aurelia.

Then staggering like one who had received a mortal blow, she dragged herself from the room and hastened up-stairs.

She would have gone sooner, but the horror and anguish of her discovery seemed in the first dreadful moment to have palsied her limbs, and her feet felt as if glued to the spot on which she had stood.

In a few minutes she rang the bell, and sent down word that she was too ill to come to dinner, begging that Mary and Ernest would excuse her, and dine alone.

The guilty pair, half suspecting the truth; and yet glad to have their secret known, did dine alone, and talked together for hours after, speculating on the probable consequences of what had happened.

It was at a late hour Mary parted from her lover and stole up-stairs to her own room.

She glided noiselessly along the corridor, for she had not the assurance to go to Aurelia, though she knew that she was ill and suffering, such suffering as her shallow heart could not even guess at.

But her cousin was waiting and watching and when she would have stolen past the door, it opened, and Aurelia, white as the sheeted dead, appeared on the threshold, and spoke to her in a voice of ice, but in a tone she dared not disobey.

"Come in Mary; I will detain you but a few minutes."

Mary entered, trembling, and stood with drooping head and eyes cast down before the woman she had so cruelly outraged.

"You wished that I should know, Mary," she said, "and I do know.

"You were right in saying that no woman should wish to keep a lover whose love was hers no longer.

"At last I agree with you; and I am not such a woman.

"From the hour I saw you in Ernest's arms, and his kisses on your lips, he was as free from me as if death had parted us; more so, for if it had been death only I would have hoped to meet him and know him for my own again.

"But for the death of love there is no after-life.

"Once gone, it is quenched in everlasting darkness.

"He is yours now. I give him to you freely.

"We must never meet again—neither he and I nor you and I. You will leave here to-morrow.

"I shall keep my own room until you are gone. That is all. Good-bye!"

She waved her hand to the door with a slight imperious gesture, then, turning away, walked to the other side of the room.

Then she heard the door open and close softly, and when she turned round, Mary was gone.

Aurelia crossed the room again, locked the door, turned out the light that was burning brightly, and then lay down on the floor.

She did not faint, but a merciful stupor—a semi-unconsciousness—took possession of her, and she lay there all night.

The morning dawn awakened her to keen and bitter agony; and then days and nights each more wretched, more full of anguish than the preceding one, dragged themselves slowly by.

Weeks passed and lengthened into months, and the worst seemed at an end to Aurelia.

How she lived through it all she never knew, and did not care.

The servants, to whom she had always been a kind mistress, were very good, and treated her with increasing care.

Physicians came, and said she was very ill.

Two of them called every day, and wrote prescriptions, and the nurse administered the medicines at regular intervals, and Aurelia took them uncomplainingly; and at last she was well enough to go down-stairs, and after a few days, to go out for a drive.

But her convalescence was only short-lived.

She pined and faded away day by day, until, after two years of longing for peace and rest, she breathed her last on the very night that Mary—false to friend and husband—fled with her paramour, to hide her shame in a foreign land.

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That ne'er are envied by a single neighbor.
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—WM. MACKINTOSH.

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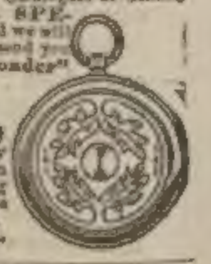

just as shown in cut. A thoroughly reliable teller of the time of day in a handsome Silver Nickel Hunting Case. Cut one-third size. Address
BABCOCK & CO., Centerbrook, Conn.

OLD COINS. 10 Foreign Coins, all different.. 25c. $33 in Confederate Money..... 10c. Premium Coin Book..... 15c. G. L. FANCHER, West Winsted, Ct.

## Facetiæ.

When does the lark turn carpenter? When he soars across the woods and forests.

"What is that you like about that girl?" asked one young man of another. "My arm," was the brief reply.

It doesn't cost anything to remember the poor, but if you want the poor to remember you it will cost you something.

One great peculiarity about young people is, that they can see to make love better in the dark than they can in the light.

A girl has been arrested in Brooklyn while disguised as an old woman. The old woman disguised as a girl is still at large.

He didn't want to call the other fellow a hog, but he said if he was smoked and sliced up he would make good ham sandwiches.

He didn't want to call the other fellow a hog, but he said that if he was smoked and sliced up he would make good ham sandwiches.

An article in a contemporary is headed, "Two Ideas of an American Gentleman." They probably refer to his necktie and his shoes.

The United States has 16.24 medical practitioners to every 10,000 of population. And yet it is quite a common thing for an American to live to a ripe old age.

Extensively used—Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator for Heart Disease in all forms. Price $1. at druggists.

A busy domestic scene—Girl in the parlor putting down carpets, mother in the kitchen putting down peaches, and little boy in the pantry putting down jam.

It is said that if you play on an accordeon near an oyster, the oyster will open its shell. Very likely this may be true, but it is a mighty mean trick to play on a poor helpless oyster.

**Something for the Ladies.**

"The Ladies Work Box," advertised in another column, is something that all of our lady readers should get, if possible. Nothing could be more useful or ornamental. It is an article that is not only pleasant to the sight, but of durable household value. And, moreover, the terms upon which it is offered puts it within reach of all.

**Superfluous Hair.**

Madame Wambold's Speciñc permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 138 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

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ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Me.

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**Premier Artist**
IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VEN, TILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEES.**

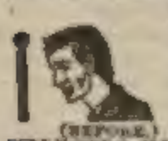
Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.
Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

**30 DAYS' TRIAL**


(BEFORE.)

**DR. DYE'S**

(AFTER.)

ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, WASTING WEAKNESS, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address
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**A Prize** Send 6 cts. for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.

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## Of Confidence.

**AYER'S** Sarsaparilla is a medicine that, during nearly 40 years, in all parts of the world, has proved its efficacy as the best blood alterative known to medical science.

**SARSAPARILLA** (extracted from the root of the genuine Honduras Sarsaparilla) is its base, and its powers are enhanced by the extracts of Yellow Dock and Stillingia, the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and other potent ingredients.

**IS** your blood vitiated by derangements of the digestive and assimilatory functions? is it tainted by Scrofula? or does it contain the poison of Mercury or Contagious Disease?

**THE** leading physicians of the United States, who know the composition of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, say that nothing else so good for the purification of the blood is within the range of pharmacy.

**ONLY** by the use of this remedy is it possible for a person who has corrupted blood to attain sound health and prevent transmission of the destructive taint to posterity.

**THOROUGHLY** effective renovation of the system must include not only the removal of corruption from the blood, but its enrichment and the strengthening of the vital organs.

**RELIABLE** witnesses, all over the world, testify that this work is better accomplished by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA than by any other remedy.

**BLOOD** that is corrupted through disease is made pure, and blood weakened through diminution of the red corpuscles is made strong, by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

**PURIFYING** the blood and building up the system require time in serious cases, but benefit will be derived from the use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA more speedily than from anything else.

**MEDICINE** for which like effects are falsely claimed, is abundant in the market, under many names, but the only preparation that has stood the test of time, and proved worthy of the world's confidence, is

***Ayer's Sarsaparilla,***

PREPARED BY
**Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.**
Sold by all druggists: Price 1; six bottles for $5.

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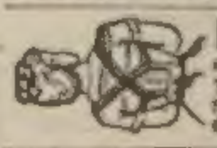
## "SPECIFIC FOR WOMEN"

Instantly relieves and speedily cures all delicate and troublesome affections peculiar to ladies. Highly endorsed by physicians who make a specialty of such diseases in "Hospitals for Women," and in large cities. This wonderful gynecian remedy is put up in granules, in a concentrated form. Each bottle represents the medical virtue of a pint of the decoction—and can be kept without loss of virtue a reasonable time. $2.00 by mail. Address Bowen, Lutze & Co., 1119 Girard St. Philadelphia, Pa.

☞ DR. LUTZE, Ex. U. S. Ex. Surgeon, author of various monograms on the Diseases of Women, etc., etc., treats female diseases exclusively, at office or by letter. Advice free. In writing for advice, address DR. LUTZE, care Bowen, Lutze & Co., 1119 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**OPIUM HABIT!**

Sufferers from this pernicious habit will do well to write to DR. MARSH, of Quincy, Mich., who has a world wide reputation for the cures he has made during the past twelve years. The main points to be communicated are the present state of health, length of time used, and present amount of drug used per week. Sanitarium Treatment when desired. Send for testimonials from leading physicians and representative men and women cured.



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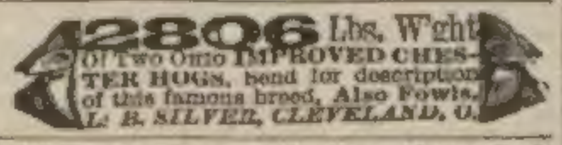
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## COMPANION MASTERPIECES!

## "THE WHITE MOUNTAINS"
----AND----
## "THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER."

**12X16 INCHES IN SIZE.**
FOR 30 CENTS.

We offer the readers of the POST at thirty cents in cash or postage stamps for the pair—costs of packing, mailing etc., included, the two above-mentioned art-works, from the pencil of the famous American artist, Thomas Moran.

"THE WHITE MOUNTAINS" depicts the glory of the Eastern Landscape.
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☞ **THEY ARE NOT CHEAP CHROMOS.** ☜

It will be distinctly understood that these unique works of art are not cheap, gaudily-colored chromos. They are perfect imitations of the finest oil and water colors. They have no resemblance whatever to the ordinary cheap chromos and colored lithographs now so common; but are really SOLID WORKS OF ART, and cannot fail to so impress every lover of the beautiful, and every one who takes the least interest in HOUSEHOLD DECORATION, for they would ornament any room, and lend grace to any wall, however humble.

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Address, **THE PHILADELPHIA OLEOGRAPH CO.,**
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## THIS ELEGANT LADIES' WORK BOX Sent FREE to All!

The accompanying illustration represents, upon a greatly reduced scale, an Elegant Ladies' Work Box, made of fine polished Ebonized wood, with a beautiful design in gilt upon the cover. The interior has separate compartments, and is finished in purple and white. The Work Box is supplied with a lock and key, and contains a pair of scissors, a silver-plated thimble, a needle case and a tape needle. It is a very handsome and desirable Work Box, and something that no lady can fail to be delighted with. Wishing to greatly increase the already large circulation of our charming Illustrated Literary and Family paper, The Cricket on the Hearth, we now make the following unparalleled offer: Upon receipt of only Forty-four Cents in postage stamps we will send The Cricket on the Hearth for Six Months, and to every subscriber we will also send Free and post-paid, the Elegant Ladies' Work Box, with its contents as above described. The Cricket on the Hearth is a monthly 16-page, 64-column illustrated paper, filled with charming Serial and Short Stories, Sketches, Poems, Useful Knowledge, Games and Stories for the Young, Wit and Humor, and everything to amuse, entertain and instruct the whole family. You will be delighted with it, as well as with the valuable premium we offer. Remember we send this splendid Ladies' Work Box free to all sending 44 cents for a six months' subscription to our paper. Last year we offered a Work Box as premium with our paper, but it was far inferior to the beautiful and substantial box we now offer. This Work Box is made of Ebonized wood, beautifully polished, and they have been manufactured in Europe specially for us; it is only by ordering a very large quantity that we have been enabled to procure them at a price which permits us to now give them free to six months' subscribers to our paper. Five subscriptions and five work boxes will be sent for $1.70; therefore, by getting four of your friends to send with you, you will secure your own paper and premium free. This great offer is made solely to introduce our paper; take advantage of it at once. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. As to our reliability we refer to any publisher in New York, or to the Commercial Agencies. Address, S. H. MOORE & CO., Publishers, No. 97 Park Place, New York.

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# Ladies' Department.

## FASHION CHAT.

FASHION does not, as has hitherto been the case at every season, favor one kind of silk fabric exclusively.

Silks of all styles are fashionable this summer: the pretty taffetas, or thin, black, smooth silks, are as much favored as thick, dull failles; and satins, if not as much in vogue as two or three years since, still appear in many costumes, either in its own genuine lustrous sheen, or with the soft, dull look of what has been called merveilleux.

Ribbed silks are all the rage; to the well-known Sicilienne and Ottoman Muscovite we must add this summer Victorieux—a new kind of silk rep.

Armure is as much a favorite as ever; and as for brocaded silks, their name is legion, and to enumerate all their patterns would be an impossible task.

Pekin appears in many combinations of costumes, and all Indian silks are freely employed for summer toilets.

The general shape of draped skirts remains divided into two distinct styles; the skirt more than ever clinging over the hips, tightened inside at the back, not with strings run into the material, which spoil the fabric, but with two rows of elastic ribbon, very wide, fastened with safety pins. The second model is the skirt which is pleated, and fully draped over the hips front and back.

So, again the tight-fitting bodice with points, graceful, and making the waist look slighter, is the accepted rival of the blouse-bodice, draped over the chest, very becoming also, and which requires to be made of some light, soft material, such as veiling, crape, surah, or muslin.

Either shape must be chosen according to the style of one's figure.

The jacket bodice opening over a tight-fitting vest is also fashionable. The jacket is fastened by one button only at the top, and the fronts are then slanted off on each side, coming down a good deal below the waist.

In a good many of the latest models for summer toilets the puffed drapery at the back is quite done away with, and replaced by an extra width pleated in deep, hollow pleats, falling down to the foot of the skirt. This forms a pleasant change from the everlasting puffs and draperies which for the last ten years have been seen upon all dresses.

A pretty dress of dark green and pink shot glace silk is made thus: The back is pleated all the way down from the waist; this pleated part is edged on each side with a band of dark green Ottoman velvet; the front skirt is quite plain, all but a narrow fluting which goes all round the foot of the dress.

There is a tablier slightly pleated across the front part. The plain bodice has a square basque, and is trimmed in front with a plastron of the same material gauged in at the neck and waist.

Another style of dress without any sort of puffing is the open redingote. An elegant model of this style is of ribbed Ottoman silk, with a pattern brocaded in velvet. The bodice is perfectly tight-fitting, buttoned straight down the middle and finished at the neck with a narrow turned-up collar; an extra width is let in at the back of the waist so as to form five double hollow pleats; the sides and fronts are perfectly plain; the fronts remain open to show the underskirt; the sleeves are quite tight.

This redingote comes down within a few inches of the edge of the underskirt; this underskirt is made of some light silk, surah or taffetas, either plain or shot; it is trimmed with very slightly gathered flounces cut out in small scallops at the edge, or else it is pleated either all the way down or across, for both styles of pleats are fashionable.

The pleats most in vogue, however are those which are called here plisses accordion, and which are very finely but deeply pleated, forming a pretty rustle at the slightest touch.

These pleats are especially effective in soft glace silks shot of two colors; sorrel-green and rose color, and old-gold and dark blue or bronze, are favorite combinations of coloring.

The newest summer wraps are extremely handsome and excite great admiration. They are small but very graceful, and are composed of rich materials.

The most distinguished are of figured velvet grenadine, enriched with a great deal of highly effective bead embroidery, and lined with the pretty new shot silks in soft colors, gold and brown, gold and pink, ruby and gray, bronze and dark red, and others.

They are very short on the back, but have long square ends in front, some of them are of exaggerated length; but these are only suited to very tall and distinguished-looking women.

As the season advances beaded lace, and richer lace not beaded, but lined with colored silk or unlined, as preferred, will take the place of the grenadine garments, which, however, will be well worn all summer.

There is a great diversity of lovely little capes and mantles of lace, ruffed and plain, embroidered and beaded.

The Escurial lace, which consists of appliques of fine satin finished silk, outlined with silk cord upon net, is used lined and unlined; but it is rather stiff looking, and does not make graceful garments, only effective ones, which, as a rule should be small.

The free use of piece lace, and of lace dresses over thin silks, suggests many ways by which a dressy little mantle can be constructed at not very great cost.

The new beaded laces in colors and also in black, are comparatively inexpensive, and the lining costs little, so that few need now be without an elegant small wrap.

The pretty light biscuit and brown cloth mantles, embroidered in two tones of the same color, unlined, and not beaded, are very neat and ladylike, not cheap, and not at all so easy to find as more showy ones.

They have no seam in the back, and are sloped and gracefully rounded below the line of the waist.

The new long raps are tight-fitting redingotes with full fronts and ribbons tied low in front below the fall of the plastron. In fine soft gray, speckled mushroom shades and biscuit cloth they make charming tourists coat's, but for a long journey the ribbon is better exchanged for a broad leather belt.

Perhaps all things considered there is something also of weariness among women themselves of "high novelty," and a desire to return to quiet and peaceful ways—for a time at least.

This is what it looks like, for not only is there a great revival of cotton fabrics—of ginghams and lawns, muslins and Chambérys—but there is a quiet acceptance and preference for the simplest of recent styles, and an adoption of soft shades and neutral tints, quite in harmony with the general moderate and modest tone of attire. It must not be understood, however, that every one walks in Quaker gray, although that is really a very fashionable color.

There are many beautiful styles and toilets to be seen, and much that is very pretty and effective, that is not costly.

The stimulus given to piece and trimming lace by its production in so many good and varied styles, tints, patterns, and colors, has of itself created a new departure in fashion, and popularized much that has heretofore been deemed unattainable except by the wealthy.

White and cream-colored Oriental and embroidered laces are the styles in which there are the most activity; but an immense impulse has been given to imitated real laces, such as Mechlin, Brussels, and Chantilly, by the excellence of the copies produced at very low prices.

These laces are manufactured in wide, handsome flouncing, used for either flounces or drapery, as low as $2 per yard. They are also produced in graded widths for costumes at 50 cents, 75 cents, and $1 per yard, and in tints, in Oriental styles, of very fair quality, at 25, 50, and 75 cents a yard.

The embroidered lace is somewhat higher.

It is used in scalloped rows, rather than ruffles, as over-laying for wool, as well as cotton and linen, and enriches nun's-veiling, albatross cloth, delicate challys, and plain batistes, and satines in biscuit and almond tints, as well as pale pinks, blues, and creams.

All the leading designs of the season are in plain goods covered by lace, or lace or gauze embroidery.

## Fireside Chat.

### SOME NOVELTIES IN WORK.

THE NEEDLEWORK of the present day, whatever its short-comings may be, decidedly aims at practical usefulness; and a good needlewoman can scarcely have an ugly home if she be in the least degree industrious. And the readers of THE POST will, I feel sure, be glad to hear of some of the many more applications of work to home comfort I have seen lately. I noted three small low chairs, one a novel experiment, enamelled in white, the seat slightly stuffed, and covered with a greyish green velvet, on which was a design of flowers in greyish greens and golden browns, leaving but a little of the material to be seen between, and entirely outlined in gold threads, the edge meeting the wood being defined by a row of brass-headed nails; a low black chair had the seat covered with ruby velvet, on which were two discs of embroidery also outlined in gold, gold spiders and their webs on the outside, a rosewood chair being treated after a similar manner in terra-cotta cloth and gold cord.

They were very ornamental. The cushions on the back and seat of a large wicker armchair were covered with terra-cotta serge, worked all over the outline with a design of chrysanthemums and leaves, on dark reds and shaded greens. This same pattern, in different coloring, had found its way to a green serge tablecloth covering it entirely.

A very comfortable club chair, with cinnamon velvet, had a band across the top and on either arm, of a conventional border of gold cord.

There is a large choice in tablecloths. One in serge buttonholed round the edge after the manner of the old-fashioned blankets, had sprays of daffodils and leaves, which looked as though they were growing upwards from the edge.

Jute velvet is a material which is well adapted to tablecloths—firm, well wearing, and of good appearance.

A border to this was made of well-woven house flannel, covered all over with a design in outline of leaves and flowers, the creamy ground contrasting well with the olive tone of the velvet.

An olive green serge cloth was scattered over with flowers in silk.

There were many new ideas in curtains. A pair of blue serge had double applique bands top and bottom of a darker tone, worked in a conventional scroll of cream and indefinite greens, within the double line being conventionalised blooms, with some six petals, appliqued in the same darker tone, and embroidered in crewels. Rapid work this, and artistic.

Wide strips of satin sheeting and brocaded velvet formed some other handsome-looking curtains, a conventionalised flower in a scroll of exactly the same tone as the sheeting, and worked in outline, bordering the velvet.

The society makes a specialite of fine tapestry materials for curtains and portieres.

A Henry Deux design, with a dark blue ground, had detached sprays of flowers apparently copied from some old tapestry, both in design and color.

A cream ground showed large bold flower patterns in brown, outlined in gold; while a novelty, the pattern, specially made for the society, was a soft silky stuff, a mixture of silk and cotton, alike on both sides, the one I saw a greyish blue and white, while another showed a well-coverings at the Trianon, the blooms not conventionalised and true to nature.

The brocaded jute velvet is also employed for curtains.

Screens are always an acceptable present. Some low three-fold ones, with reversible hinges made in dark wood, had three tiny embroidered scarves slipped the woodwork and movable at pleasure.

Those I saw were made of coarse linen, fringed and richly embroidered in silk, very portable pieces of work for a good embroidress.

The tea screen, with its shelf for cups, so suggestive of cosy comfort, is not new, but displays many new applications of needlework.

A curtain screen was a mere brass stand, on the upper bar of which were rings, to which a dark satin sheeting curtain with embroidery and fringe was attached.

Three beautiful screen panels showed red magnolias on a pale serge ground, and others chrysanthemums, on a red ground outlined in gold, then a double row round the pattern.

Undyed velveteen had been applied to screens, cushions, and other purposes, and formed a good ground to floral and conventionalised patterns.

The great feature in work at the present time is the grounding.

I was shown a handsome quilt and bed curtains, with a big floral pattern in outline, a reproduction of a fine old brocade, with a yellow honeycomb for the background, and darnings and diapers appeared in other specimens.

Canvas work comes back to us in a new form illustrated in a strip for a bell pull.

The pattern a flat flower, was in a tent stitch, as also the foliage; the ground a diaper effect produced on the canvas.

The newest d'oyleys are of fine linen, most elaborately wrought; some in the tussore or vegetable silk, so happy in coloring, and so durable; these mostly flower sprays.

Some more elaborate ones were worked entirely in gold-colored silk, with bands of drawn threads, the centre square formed thereby, being worked in a great variety of stitches, and almost hiding the material, a border equally elaborately wrought coming between the drawn thread work.

Except in the designs, I did not see anything very new in chairbacks.

On a fine linen one a design of chrysanthemums and leaves, with a darned ground had much artistic beauty.

Chrysanthemums are in fashion just now.

A very beautiful frieze displayed white ones on a red ground, for the society does not confine itself to needlework, but embraces most artistic decorations, such as wall-papers, some very unique and original.

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He is rich who is poor enough to be generous.

# Correspondence.

N. G.—We cannot furnish the POST, so far back as 1869.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We would take it that the recipe refers to pulverized charcoal. We have not the copy on hand and cannot tell for certain.

P. S.—A creole is a person born in the West Indies or South America, of European parents. The name is often erroneously applied to parents of mixed white and black parentage. The offspring of a pure white and a pure black is a mulatto.

J. D.—Columbus was first. It was on his first voyage, in 1498, that he discovered the mouths of the Orinoco and landed at Para. Amerigo Vespucci, with the expedition of Admiral Hojeda, reached the same spot about the end of June of the next year.

LONG ISLAND.—We know of no better book for moral training of children than the "Bible." Let them read it judiciously under your care, and insist so far as possible in their carrying out their precepts, meanwhile making sure that you practice them yourself. This latter attention, by the way, will do more towards moral culture than all the books or precepts ever printed.

TEDDY.—You did not do wrong to read the inscription on the fly-leaf of the book you found on the young lady's table. When a person leaves a book on the parlor table, where visitors are in habit sitting, it is fair to infer that there would be no impropriety in looking at it or in reading anything that might be found either printed or written in it, unless one had personal notice to the contrary.

NERVOUS.—The cure of nervousness is not the work of a day, nor a week. Months must sometimes elapse before the process is complete; and much depends on the patient himself. The most, if not the only, efficient mode of cure is by strengthening the constitution, invigorating the mind, and restoring the health, both physical and mental; and that is by the aid of proper medicine and attention to diet at the same time.

CONSTANCE.—The difference between a stepmother and a mother-in-law is this, that the first named has married your father, whom we will suppose to have been a widower, and has, so to speak, stepped into your mother's shoes. A mother-in-law is the mother of your husband, that either is now or is to be in the future, and whom it is most probable you will not care to see very often. Men dislike mother-in-law, as a rule.

SABINE.—Terra-cotta is an Italian term signifying baked clay. It is applied chiefly, if not altogether, to manufactures of brick-earth used for ornamental purposes, especially those now used architecturally. Formerly, it was not uncommon in Great Britain, particularly about the beginning of the eighteenth century; but after the reign of Queen Anne it was discontinued, and was scarcely ever used until within the last twelve years.

J. E.—For a young man of eighteen to engage himself to a lady of twenty-eight, is, at the first glance of the matter, a proceeding that cannot be advised. The disparity of age is great, and is also entirely on the wrong side. Besides, at your age, youths always look upon the roseate aspect of love-affairs, and will scarcely be persuaded that there may be a gloomy point of view also. But if you wait a couple of years and then feel that your love is as strong as ever, by all means marry the object of so sincere an affection.

AMELIA.—You have made a mistake and acted foolishly, and now the proper course for you to pursue is to write to the gentleman, frankly telling him the truth, and he will not be likely to wish to hold you to your engagement. Your mistake is to be regretted for your own sake as well as for your lover's. If you ever do marry, how can you help having some recollection of how you changed once, and some fears that you may change again when it is too late to draw back, and when your change may involve pain to yourself and others?

BAR.—It would be quite proper for a lady when walking with a gentleman, to bow to a gentleman friend unknown to her companion; and the same would hold good with regard to the gentleman's bowing to a lady friend unknown to his companion. If a gentleman should offer a lady his arm, over whom he was holding an umbrella in a shower of rain, and she should decline to take it, he would have no just cause of offence. His holding the umbrella over her would give him no right to expect any condescension on her part that would involve a sacrifice of her sense of propriety.

BIRD-FANCIER.—It has been calculated that a hawk will fly not less than one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Major Cartwright, on the coast of Labrador, found by repeated observations that the flight of an eider duck was at the rate of ninety miles an hour. The flight of the common crow is nearly twenty-five miles an hour; and Spallanzini found that of the swallow to be about ninety-two miles, while he conjectures that the rapidity of the swift is nearly three times greater. A falcon belonging to Henry IV. of France, flew from Fontainebleau to Malta in less than twenty-four hours, the distance being one thousand three hundred and fifty miles; and it is probable that his flight was about seventy-five miles an hour, as such birds fly in the daytime only.

L. C.—(1.) Send on the particular dates you require and we will try and furnish them. (2.) It is quite right and proper to so stop for a few minutes and talk. The right to withdraw or drop a conversation, rests with the lady, as a rule, under such circumstances. There is no need of formality however. If the talk commences to slacken, it is growing late, or chilly, either party may simply express the necessity of parting. As a mere matter of sentiment, on the ground that the loved one's voice is music, most young men would, no doubt, prefer her "good night" to come last. (3.) You write like an extremely sensible and good girl. For you, we do not think sixteen would be too early for company, although it might be for a "steady beau." That is at such gatherings where you meet, he might accompany you home, etc., while possessing none of the half-exclusive rights of a "beau." (4.) We cannot give a better form than that you have used in writing about it. Simply say: "My people do not like when I go to evening meeting, to have you see me home. My parents have no objection to you any more than they would to any other young gentleman nor as much, only they think I am just yet too young to get into the notion of having steady company. Nothing more is necessary. (5.) We are always pleased to answer all questions, or give what advice we can, and will be glad to hear from you, or others, at any time.